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The two noble kinsmen

John Fletcher, William Shakespeare

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THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

WRITTEN BY
THE MEMORABLE WORTHIES OF THEIR TIME,

MR. JOHN FLETCHER AND
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, } GENT.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.,
FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE included *The Two Noble Kinsmen* in this edition of Shakespeare's works because, as some critics believe (see p. 10), he appears to have had some share in the composition of the play. I have nothing to add here to the discussion of that question except a few paragraphs from Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (2d ed. 1882), which would have been included in the Introduction if I had seen them in time. He states concisely "the main external testimonies on each side of the question;" and among the "reasons for believing that the great dramatist had no share whatever in the composition" are the following:

"1. When John Waterson, in October, 1646, transferred to Humphrey Moseley his copyright interests in three plays—*The Elder Brother*, *Monsieur Thomas*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*—the undivided authorship of all of them is distinctly assigned to Fletcher in the register, the third appearing there under the title of *The Noble Kinsman*. The Fletcherian authorship of the two other dramas is undisputed; and if Waterson really believed that Shakespeare had written part of the last, there seems no reason why the name of the great dramatist should not have been given in the entry of the assignment. . . . 2. In a list of books printed for Moseley, which is inserted at the end of some copies of Shirley's *Six New Playes*, 1653, occurs 'the Two Noble Kinsmen, a comedy written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, gent., in 4°.' The same entry is met with the following year in a similar list of the works of the same publisher, these announcements singularly contrasting with his trading anxiety to use the name of Shakespeare improperly in other instances. It should be carefully recollected that Moseley was specially connected with the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, so that his evidence, valueless in a question of Shakespearian authorship, is most likely important in regard to the works of the former dramatists. . . . 5. The absence of contemporary evidence that Shakespeare and Fletcher were acquainted with each other. . . . 7. The direct evidence of Leonard Digges, about the year 1623, of Shakespeare's aversion to any kind of literary partnership, so that he even carefully avoided the then common practice of availing himself of scenes written for him by other dramatists.—8. The parallel

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instance of 'the History of Cardenio by Mr. Fletcher and Shakespeare' having been entered by Moseley on the registers of the Stationers' Company in the year 1653.—9. Finally, the extreme improbability of a dramatist of Shakespeare's unrivalled power and rapidity of composition entering, at the maturest period of his reputation, into the joint-authorship of a play with a much younger writer, and of the latter having in such a case the assurance to be palpably imitating him, both characterially and verbally, in his portion of the work."

In editing the play, I have made free use, as the frequent acknowledgments in the Notes will show, of the valuable editions by Littledale and Skeat; and I have been almost entirely dependent upon them for the collation of the early texts.

The text is somewhat "expurgated," but less than in Knight's "Pictorial" edition, and much less than in Skeat's, which is intended for school use. In this country the play may be read in colleges, but is not likely to be taken up in the preparatory schools.

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JOHN FLETCHER.

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PANATHENAIC PROCESSION. FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

The Two Noble Kinsmen was first printed, so far as we know, in 1634, in quarto form and with the following title-page (as given in the New Shakspere Society reprint, edited by Littledale):

THE | TWO | NOBLE | KINSMEN: | Presented at the Blackfriers | by the Kings Maiesties servants, | with great applause: | Written by the memorable Worthies | of their time; | { M^r. *John Fletcher*, and / M^r. *William Shakspeare.* } Gent. | Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Iohn Waterson:* | and are to be sold at the signe of the *Crowne* | in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1634.

The two copies of this edition collated by Mr. Littledale differ occasionally, indicating that it was revised while go-

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ing through the press.* It was printed, as Skeat notes, from a prompter's copy; for it contains a few marginal notes that refer to the representation of the play. We learn from these that the name of the actor who took the part of the Messenger in iv. 2 was Curtis; and that two of the Attendants in v. 3 were Curtis and T. Tucke.

The play also appeared in the 2d (1679) edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas, being one of "no fewer than Seventeen Plays more than were in the former" (the 1st folio, of 1647), as the preface tells us.† It is not generally included in editions of Shakespeare, but may be found in Knight's (vol. of "Doubtful Plays"), Dyce's (2d. and later eds.), the "Leopold," and Hudson's ("Harvard" ed.).

That two hands are to be seen in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is now generally agreed, and that one of these is Fletcher's cannot be doubted. Certain eminent critics believe that Shakespeare had something to do with the composition of the play; but just how much is a question on which they differ widely.

Charles Lamb, in his *English Dramatic Poets* (1808), selects from this play nearly all of i. 1, part of i. 3, and the dialogue between Palamon and Arcite before Emilia enters in ii. 2. This last scene, he says, "bears indubitable marks of Fletcher; the two which precede it give strong countenance to the tradition that Shakespeare had a hand in this

* For an interesting account of variations in old copies of the same edition, see Mr. W. A. Wright's "Golden Treasury" ed. of *Bacon's Essays* (London, 1863), p. 350.

† Dyce, in the 2d ed. of his Shakespeare (vol. viii. p. 117) says that "it is printed also in the folios of Shakespeare, 1664 and 1685;" and, as Littledale notes, the slip is not corrected in his 3d ed. (1876). Mr. W. C. Hazlitt repeats the mistake in his ed. of Hazlitt's *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* (London, 1870); and so does Hudson (though he mentions only the 1664 folio) in his "Harvard" ed. (vol. xix. p. 129). We find it also in Ulrici's *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art* (3d ed., translated by Schmitz, 1876), vol. ii. p. 403.

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play." These and other passages, he adds, "have a luxuriance in them which strongly resembles Shakespeare's manner in those parts of his plays where, the progress of the interest being subordinate, the poet was at leisure for description."

Coleridge, as reported in his *Table-Talk* (1833), said: "I have no doubt whatever that the first act and the first scene of the second act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are Shakespeare's;" and later he writes (Harper's ed. of *Works*, vol. iv. p. 219): "On comparing the prison scene of Palamon and Arcite, ii. 2, with the dialogue between the same speakers, i. 2, I can scarcely retain a doubt as to the first act's having been written by Shakespeare." The construction of the blank verse, he adds, "proves beyond all doubt an intentional imitation, if not the proper hand, of Shakespeare. . . . On the other hand, the harshness of many of these very passages, a harshness unrelieved by any lyrical inter-breathings, and still more the want of profundity in the thoughts, keep me from an absolute decision."

In 1833, Professor William Spalding, of Edinburgh, published a *Letter on Shakespeare's Authorship of the Two Noble Kinsmen* (reprinted by the New Shakspere Society, in 1876), which is the most elaborate discussion of the subject that has yet appeared. Mr. Furnivall gives the following abstract of it in his Introduction to the "Leopold" *Shakespeare* (p. xcviii.):

"Professor Spalding contrasts the broken and pauseful versification of Shakspere with Fletcher's smoother end-stopped and double-ending lines. He finds in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* many of Shakspere's images and his very words, as well as the energy, obscurity, abruptness, and brevity of his late plays, while in other parts of the play he shows that there is the diffuseness, the amplification, and delicacy of Fletcher. As instances of Shakspere's metaphors he quotes 'what man *thirds* his own worth?' 'Let us be widows to

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our woes;' 'Our kind air, to them unkind;' 'Her arms shall *corslet* thee;' 'unpang'd judgment;'

"'Our Reasons are not prophets,
When oft our Fancies are;'

"'Give us the bones
Of our dead kings that we may *chapel* them;'

and the like. Then he finds in one part of the play the active imagination of Shakspere, hardly ever indulging in lengthened description, whereas in other parts or scenes are Fletcher's poverty of metaphor and his romantic and picturesque descriptions. He contrasts, too, Shakspere's treatment of mythology with Fletcher's, and shows the difference in the two poets. Then he contrasts Shakspere's tendency to reflection, and his active and inquiring thought, his practical worldly wisdom, the mass of general truths he puts into his writing, with the want of these characteristics in Fletcher. Shakspere's faults of conceit and quibbles, too, with their resistless force, he contrasts with the slow elegance and want of pointedness in Fletcher, who is also almost guiltless of plays on words. Then he shows how Shakspere differs from Fletcher in his personification of Grief and Time, Strife and War, Peace and Love, Mercy and Courage, Reason and Fancy, etc. He also shows what a firm grasp of imagery Shakspere has as contrasted with Fletcher, and again how the choice of the simple story must have been Shakspere's, who belonged to the old school, and not Fletcher's, who belonged to the new school of involved and invented plots. Shakspere relied on characterization and avoided spectacles. He kept in this play the two moving passions of Love and Jealousy always in the front, which Fletcher could not have done. The harmony of its parts was, too, an idea beyond Fletcher's. The shrewdness and good sense of the characters were so likewise. And, on the whole, Professor Spalding con-

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cluded that Shakspere wrote act i., act iii. sc. 1, and act v. except sc. 2."

Later, as Mr. Furnivall points out, Professor Spalding modified his own early judgment. In the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1840 (p. 468), he stated that his opinion "is not so decided as it once was;" and in the same periodical for July, 1847 (p. 578), he declared that "the question of Shakespeare's share in this play is really insoluble."

Hallam doubted whether Shakespeare had a share in the play. He says (*Literature of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 318, Amer. ed.): "*The Two Noble Kinsmen* is a play that has been honoured by a tradition of Shakespeare's concern in it. The evidence as to this is the title-page of the first edition; which, though it may seem much at first sight, is next to nothing in our old drama, full of misnomers of the kind. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher have insisted upon what they take for marks of Shakespeare's style; and Schlegel, after 'seeing no reason for doubting so probable an opinion,' detects the spirit of Shakespeare in a certain ideal purity which distinguishes this from other plays of Fletcher, and in the conscientious fidelity* with which it follows the *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* has much of that elevated sense of honour, friendship, fidelity, and love, which belongs, I think, more characteristically to Fletcher, who had drunk at the fountain of Castilian romance, than to one in whose vast mind this conventional morality of particular classes was subordinated to the universal nature of man. In this sense Fletcher is always, in his tragic compositions, a very ideal poet. The subject itself is fitter for him than for Shakespeare. In the

* Skeat remarks: "This 'conscientious fidelity' is not always conspicuous; the authors follow Chaucer when they please. It is well worth remarking that the confusion in act iv. sc. 2, where the descriptions, copied from Chaucer, are applied to the wrong persons, occurs in a scene which was almost certainly written by Fletcher."

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language and conduct of this play, with great deference to better and more attentive critics, I see imitations of Shakespeare rather than such resemblances as denote his powerful stamp. The madness of the gaoler's daughter, where some have imagined they saw the master-hand, is doubtless suggested by that of Ophelia, but with an inferiority of taste and feeling which it seems impossible not to recognize. The painful and degrading symptom of female insanity, which Shakespeare has touched with his gentle hand, is dwelt upon by Fletcher with all his innate impurity. Can any one believe that the former would have written the last scene in which the gaoler's daughter appears on the stage?"

In a foot-note Hallam refers to Spalding's *Letter*, but intimates that he is not convinced by it; and in a later note (1847), alluding to Dyce's concurrence with Spalding as to the share of Shakespeare in the play, he says: "The hypothesis of a joint production is open to much difficulty, which Mr. Dyce hardly removes."

In April, 1847, a very able paper on this question by Mr. S. Hickson was published in the *Westminster Review* (reprinted in the *Transactions of the New Shaks. Soc.* for 1874, p. 25* fol.). The result of his inquiry is summed up thus: "It is that the play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is one to which Shakespeare possesses a better title than can be *proved* for him to *Pericles;* that to him belong its entire plan and general arrangement: but that, perhaps for want of time to complete it by a day named, and probably by way of encouragement to a young writer of some promise, he availed himself of the assistance of Fletcher to fill up a portion of the outline." Mr. Hickson assigns to Shakespeare the whole of act i. except perhaps some 20 or 30 lines in sc. 2; act ii. sc. 1; act iii. sc. 1 and 2; act iv. sc. 3; and act v. except sc. 2.* It follows that, with the partial

* Mr. Hickson's and Prof. Spalding's papers are both freely quoted in the *Notes* below.

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exception of Arcite, every character, even to the Doctor who makes his appearance near the end of act iv., was introduced by Shakespeare. "We have here then," adds Mr. Hickson, "not only the framework of the play, but the groundwork of each character; in each case we find that Shakespeare goes first, and Fletcher follows; and even then we find that the latter is the most successful in the parts where he had Chaucer for a guide."

Fleay (*Trans. New Shaks. Soc.* 1874, p. 61*, and *Manual*, p. 172) confirms Mr. Hickson's division by metrical tests. The two *prose* scenes (ii. 1 and iv. 3) he assigns to Shakespeare, because "Fletcher never wrote prose in any of his plays." In the Shakespeare portion of the verse, the proportion of lines having double endings is only 10 in 35, while in the Fletcher portion it is 10 in 18. The former average is exactly that of the latter part of Shakespeare's career (the time of the *Winter's Tale*); while the latter exactly agrees with that deduced from an examination of all the undoubted works of Fletcher. Of lines consisting of only four feet, there is but one in the Shakespeare portion (1124 lines); but in the Fletcher portion (1398 lines) there are 19.

Knight (in the paper from which we quote in the "Critical Comments" below) holds that "Fletcher, for the most part, wrote the scenes which the best critical opinions concur in attributing to him;" and that "he had a coadjutor who produced for the most part the scenes attributed to Shakspere, but this coadjutor was not Shakspere himself." He then attempts to prove that Chapman was the second author; but, so far as we are aware, he has had no follower in this opinion.

Dyce says: "For my own part, I believe that Shakespeare wrote all those portions of the play which Mr. Spalding assigns to him, though I conceive that in some places they may have been altered and interpolated by Fletcher."

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He thinks that Shakespeare's contributions to the play are "stamped everywhere with the manner of his later years," but they nevertheless existed before Fletcher's were written —"in other words, that the two poets did not work on it simultaneously."

Ward (*English Dramatic Literature*, vol. i. p. 466) considers that the internal evidence is certainly very strong in favour of Dyce's theory; but he is inclined to think after all that the play is mainly if not entirely Fletcher's. "At the most," he says, "I should be ready to suppose that Shakspeare aided the young dramatist in the opening of the play."

Skeat, in his edition of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (Cambridge, 1875), accepts Hickson's division of the play as "probably right in the main." He adds: "The only scenes that seem to me doubtful are iii. 2, iv. 3, and certain parts of v. 1. These have all been claimed for Shakespeare, but I am not convinced about them. But in all the other scenes the marks of partnership are sufficiently distinct. It must surely be admitted that there were *two* authors; that their respective portions have been rightly assigned to them; and that one of those authors, the one who had the least to invent, was Fletcher. The whole of the real conduct of the play, the introduction of all the more important characters, the beginning and the ending of the piece, are due to a greater mind and an abler artist. Why should we hesitate to suppose that that artist was Shakespeare? . . . It is easy also to see the *principle* upon which the division of the play was made. Shakespeare took the more important share, began the play, started all the principal characters, and left Fletcher nothing to do but to fill up the easier portions, where he had Chaucer to guide him, or else had merely to continue what was begun, or lastly, could introduce a morris-dance and some countrymen by way of filling a gap. Obviously, the original division of labour was, that they should write the alternate acts; Shakespeare taking the 1st, 3d, and

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5th acts, and Fletcher the 2d and 4th. This was slightly varied in the end, but the principle was not really altered. Shakespeare wrote all the 1st act, the first and most important part of the 3d act, and all of the 5th act but one scene; but he also helped Fletcher (in all probability) by starting the 2d act for him; which Fletcher repaid by contributing a scene to act v."

After referring to the opinion once held by Knight that "Shakespeare left a portion of the play, which, after his death, was completed by Fletcher," Skeat remarks that "there is really a sort of truth in it," and adds: "I cannot resist the conviction that the play, *in the exact form in which we have it*, was revised by Fletcher (or another?) after Shakespeare's death; and that he did to some extent, here and there, alter some phrases at his pleasure. I think he may have done so, for instance, in v. 1; and perhaps the Song at the very beginning of the play is such a piece as he might have added. The Prologue and Epilogue may be his; or, indeed, they may have been added by a third person. . . . The simple and natural order of things would be somewhat of the following description. The authors would roughly divide the work, write contemporaneously, fit the scenes together, and the play would be acted. In case of repetition after an interval of time, nothing would be more natural than that it should be to some extent revised; and for the revision, one author would suffice. This is, accordingly, the theory which I offer, and which agrees, in the main, with the general result of the opinions of most critics. Suppose Shakespeare and Fletcher to have written the *Two Noble Kinsmen* in conjunction in 1612, and the play of *Henry VIII.* in 1613; after which Shakespeare retires from his labours, not to live long afterwards. The play proving a favourite one—as seems to have been the case—Fletcher revises it, not altering much perhaps, but adding a few lines here and there; and at last, after he also is dead, the play is printed

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from an acting copy, representing it *in its latest form.* This will account for all the circumstances of the case, whilst merely requiring the supposition that things took their natural and easiest course."

Prof. J. K. Ingram, in a paper read before the New Shakspere Society, Nov. 13, 1874 (see *Transactions*, p. 442 fol.), says: "The answer to the question, Who was the author of the non-Fletcherian portion of the play? does not force itself on my mind with the same clear evidence as the conviction that the non-Shaksperian part of *Henry VIII.* is by Fletcher. The choice of the story, in which the passion is, after all, of an artificial kind, the toleration of the 'trash' which abounds in the underplot, the faintness of the characterization, and, in general, the absence, except in occasional flashes, of the splendid genius which shows itself all through the last period of Shakspere, I have always found very perplexing. In reading the (so-called) Shaksperian part of the play, I do not often feel myself in contact with a mind of the first order. Still, it is certain that there is much in it that is *like* Shakspere, and some things that are worthy of him at his best; that the manner, in general, is more that of Shakspere than of any other contemporary dramatist; and that the system of verse is one which we do not find in any other, whilst it is, in all essentials, that of Shakspere's last period. I cannot name any one else who could have written this portion of the play. . . . If Shakspere be—as we seem forced to believe—the author of the part of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* now usually attributed to him, this will take its place in the series of his works between the *Winter's Tale* and *Henry VIII.*"

Mr. J. Herbert Stack, in a paper printed in the Appendix of the New Shaks. Soc. ed. of Spalding's *Letter* (p. 113 fol.), takes the ground that the play is not mainly Shakespeare's because, though founded on a poem which is "delicate and noble," it is itself "coarse and trivial;" because Shake-

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speare never introduces "love between persons of very different rank" (in the cases of Ophelia and Hamlet, Viola and the Duke, Rosalind and Orlando, Helena and Bertram, "gentlehood unites all"); and because of the un-Shakespearian features, like "the cold, coarse balancing of Emilia between the two men," the final marriage of the Gaoler's Daughter ("as destructive of our sympathy as if Ophelia had been saved from drowning by the grave-digger and married to Horatio at the end of the piece"), the "poor pedantry" of Gerrold, the "forced and feeble fun of the rustics," and "the sternness of Theseus brutal and untouched by final gentleness as in Chaucer." Besides, the underplot is managed with a clumsiness which is in marked contrast to "the skill with which Shakespeare interweaves the two plots and brings together the principal and inferior personages;" here the underplot is not interwoven with the main plot. "It might be altogether omitted without affecting the story. Theseus, Emilia, Hippolyta, Arcite, Palamon, never exchange a word with the group of Gaoler's Daughter, Wooer, Brother, Two Friends, and Doctor." In conclusion, Mr. Stack is inclined to the opinion "that Shakespeare selected the subject, began the play, wrote many passages, had no underplot, and generally left it in a skeleton state; that Fletcher, not Shakespeare, is answerable for all the departures from Chaucer, for all the underplot, and for the revised play as it stands."

Furnivall, quoting this last sentence, says ("Leopold" ed. p. xcix.): "This is as far as any one can rightly go, I think. My present feeling is to substitute 'some' for 'many' in the passage above, and to suggest that Beaumont, or some one who modelled himself on the run-on lines of Shakspere's later time, as Fletcher did on the extra-syllable lines, wrote much of the work in this play assigned by Spalding (at first) and Hickson to Shakspere." He also remarks (p. xcviii.): "While reading Professor Spalding's enthusiastic and able

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argument, backed by his well-chosen quotations, it is difficult to resist his conclusions. But when you turn to the play and read it by yourself or aloud with a party of friends, then you begin to doubt. Professor Spalding himself hesitated on further reflection, as we have seen. He was from the first obliged to admit that in Shakspere's specialty, characterization, the play was weak. He could not have denied that whereas in one part the character of Chaucer's Emilia, the huntress seeking no marriage-bed, is rightly seized, in another she is turned into a kind of foolish waiting-maid, not knowing which of her suitors she loves, and fearing that Palamon may be wounded and get his figure spoiled:

> 'Arcite may win me,
> And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
> The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity
> Enough for such a chance!'

If the student accepts the theory of Shakspere's taking anything like a half share in the play, he must yet allow that portions of his work and conception were afterwards spoiled by Fletcher. The comparison of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, the source of the play, with the play itself, is in no way to Chaucer's discredit. The fear expressed in the Prologue that Chaucer's bones might shake on hearing a possible hiss at the play on its first production has a certain justification. That the play opens finely with the woes of the three queens, that Palamon's speech in the temple (act v.) is very fine, one gladly admits. But there is nothing else to match Chaucer's description of the foes engaged in the tournament, of the adornments of the building where it was held; nor can the sketch of Emilia in the play be set for a minute beside Chaucer's lovely picture of Emilia in the garden. The repulsiveness of the under-plot, whose details are due to Fletcher, detracts terribly from the effect of the play as a whole."

Mr. Harold Littledale, whose edition of the play (pub-

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lished by the New Shakspere Society in 1876) is the best we have, agrees with Mr. Stack, though "hesitating to express a firm opinion on the matter." He suggests that possibly Shakespeare "worked on the 1594 play as a basis."

Mr. Swinburne, in his *Study of Shakespeare* (London, 1880), accepts "the masterly decision of Mr. Dyce." In the portions of the play ascribed to Shakespeare he sees the poet's hand at its best; but he has no patience with "the pestilent abuse and perversion to which Fletcher has put the perhaps already superfluous hints or sketches by Shakespeare for an episodical under-plot, in his transmutation of Palamon's love-stricken and luckless deliverer into the disgusting burlesque of a mock Ophelia."

Mr. Hudson, the most recent editor of the play, adopts Hickson's division. He believes that Shakespeare and Fletcher worked together here as in *Henry VIII.*, and he sees no marked differences of style in the Shakespearian portions of the two plays, such as would indicate any wide interval in the times of writing, though *The Two Noble Kinsmen* may be somewhat the earlier of the two. The non-appearance of the present play in the folio of 1623 "may well have grown from an arrangement for dividing between the authors the fruit of their joint labours."

For our own part, we wish that the question were as simple as in the case of *Henry VIII.*, but we do not find it so. We were at first ready to agree with Spalding and Hickson—with the latter rather than the former on the points as to which they differ—but on more careful study of the play, we find ourself wavering, as Spalding did, and coming to regard the problem as "really insoluble." Shakespeare perhaps had a share in the play; but, if so, it is impossible to decide just what it was, or how it came about. If he and Fletcher worked together, as they perhaps did on *Henry VIII.*, the date of its composition cannot be far from 1612; but though the metrical analysis tends to confirm this date,

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the weightier internal evidence is against it. Even in his *Letter* Spalding admits that in characterization, "Shakespeare's special excellence," the play is weak. In this respect it reminds us of his earliest rather than his latest work. If it really belongs to the period of the *Tempest* and the *Winter's Tale* and *Henry VIII.*, we see no alternative but to suppose (with Dyce, Furnivall, and others) that the Shakespearian part has been more or less worked over by Fletcher and wofully marred in the operation.

To say this, however, is not to say that the play is a poor one. If it is not worthy to be ranked with Shakespeare's latest and best work, it may nevertheless claim a high place in the dramatic literature of the time. Professor Spalding well says in the *Edinburgh Review* article (July, 1847) from which we have already quoted:

"Be the authorship whose it may, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is undoubtedly one of the finest dramas in the volumes before us [Dyce's ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher]. It contains passages which, in dramatic vigour and passion, yield hardly to anything—perhaps to nothing—in the whole collection; while for gorgeousness of imagery, for delicacy of poetic feeling, and for grace, animation, and strength of language, we doubt whether there exists, under the names of our authors, any drama that comes near to it. Never has any theme enjoyed the honours which have befallen the semi-classical legend of Palamon and Arcite. Chosen as the foundation of chivalrous narrative by Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Dryden, it has furnished one of the fairest of the flowers that compose the dramatic crown of Fletcher, while from that flower, perhaps, leaves might be plucked to decorate another brow which needs them not.

"If the admirers of Fletcher could vindicate for him the fifth act of this play, they would entitle him to a still higher claim upon our gratitude, as the author of a series of scenes as picturesquely conceived, and as poetically set forth, as

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any that our literature can boast. Dramatically considered, these scenes are very faulty: perhaps there are but two of them that have high dramatic merits—the interrupted execution of Palamon, and the preceding scene, in which Emilia, left in the forest, hears the tumult of the battle, and receives successive reports of its changes and issue. But as a gallery of poetical pictures, as a cluster of images suggestive alike to the imagination and the feelings, as a cabinet of jewels whose lustre dazzles the eye and blinds it to the unskilful setting,—in this light there are few pieces comparable to the magnificent scene before the temples, where the lady and her lovers pray to the gods; and the pathetically solemn close of the drama, admirable in itself, loses only when we compare it with the death of Arcite in Chaucer's masterpiece, 'the Iliad of the middle ages.'"

We may add that, among the German critics, Ulrici admits that "the diction has a touch of Shakespeare's style;" but considers that the difference between the supposed Shakespearian portions and the rest of the play "is not sufficiently great to exclude the possibility that a poet of such eminent talent as Fletcher might, in one of his earlier works (for the play cannot, probably, be dated later than about 1608–9), have taken some of Shakespeare's characters as his models, and for a time come under Shakespeare's influence—as the plagiarism from *Hamlet* proves; further, that he might even have succeeded in imitating Shakespeare's style in single features of diction, nay, that he might even have succeeded in striking a tone kindred to Shakespeare's own in whole portions of the play." This, he thinks, is more likely than "that Shakespeare wrote scenes and whole acts which, in substance, stand in direct contradiction to the spirit and character of his own compositions."*

Gervinus says that Shakespeare may possibly have adapted

* *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*, translated by L. D. Schmitz (3d ed. 1876), vol. ii. p. 409.

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the old play of 1594, and Fletcher, making use of Shakespeare's additions, may have remodelled this same old play into *The Two Noble Kinsmen;* "but that Shakespeare ever could have taken a hearty interest in the subject is to be denied with the greatest certainty from one single consideration; for never have his sound ethics had to do with such conventional points of honour in the style of the dramatic Romanticists of Spain as those upon which the relation between Palamon and Arcite, the two noble cousins (the central point of the whole play), turns." He is therefore "of Staunton's opinion, who is as little inclined to impute to Shakespeare a share in this as in any other of the plays falsely awarded to him."*

Ward (vol. i. p. 467) states that H. von Friesen (in *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, vol. i., 1865) has also taken the ground that Shakespeare could not have been "associated in the production of a play so different from the works of his maturity."

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The story of the play, as the prologue states, is taken from Chaucer, who gives it in his *Knightes Tale.* He got it, as he acknowledges, from the *Teseide* of Boccaccio, who calls it a very old story ("una antichissima storia"). The names in it indicate that it was originally from the Greek (cf. Mr. Hales's letter in the London *Academy*, Jan. 17, 1874).

It had been dramatized in English twice at least before the time of Shakespeare, though there is no ground whatever for supposing that the authors of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* were indebted to either of the earlier plays. In 1566 a drama called *Palæmon and Arcyte*, by Richard Edwardes, was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Oxford. Wood's account in the *Athenæ Oxonienses* mentions the play several times, but the following passages, communicated to Nicholls,

* *Shakespeare-Commentaries*, translated by Bunnett (ed. of 1875), p. 828.

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the historian of Elizabeth's Progresses, by Mr. Gutch, from Wood's MSS., are more detailed, and clearly show that Edwardes's play and the play before us must have differed so materially as to make it almost certain that the authors of the latter can have known nothing of the former. Part of the play was performed on Sept. 2, 1566, when a scaffolding fell, and three lives were lost. Wood continues: "Sept. 4, 1566. At night the Queen was present at the other part of the play of *Palæmon and Arcyte*, which should have been acted the night before, but deferred because it was late when the Queen came from disputations at St. Mary's. When the play was ended, she called for Mr. Edwards, the author and gave him very great thanks, with promises of reward, for his pains: then making a pause, said to him and her retinue standing about her, this relating to part of the play: 'By Palæmon, I warrant he dallieth not in love when he was in love indeed; by Arcyte, he was a right martial knight, having a sweet countenance, and a manly face; by Trecatio, God's pity, what a knave it is; by Perithous, throwing St. Edward's rich cloak into the funeral fire, which a stander-by would have stayed by the arm with an oath, he knoweth his part, I warrant.' In the said play was acted a cry of hounds in the Quadrant, upon the train of a fox in the hunting of Theseus, with which the young scholars, who stood in the windows, were so much taken (supposing it was real), that they cried out, 'Now, now!—there, there! —he's caught, he's caught!' All which the Queen merrily beholding, said, 'O, excellent! those boys, in very troth, are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds!' . . . . In the acting of the said play there was a good part performed by the Lady Amelia, who, for gathering her flowers prettily in a garden there represented, and singing sweetly in the time of March, received eight angels for a gracious reward by her Majesty's command," etc.

Of the other old play we know nothing except (from

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Henslowe's *Diary*) that it was entitled *Palamon and Arsett*, and was acted several times at the Newington Theatre in 1594. Collier conjectures that it was based upon the play of 1566, and that it was in turn remodelled by Shakespeare, who introduced into it the matter afterwards "employed by Fletcher in the play as it was printed in 1634;" but this is speculating rather wildly on the mere mention of a play in a manager's list.*

The origin of the underplot cannot be traced. There is no hint of it in Chaucer, and we have no reason to suppose that it came from the play of 1594. It may have been the invention of the authors.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Knight's "Pictorial Shakspere."* †]

The Knightes Tale of Chaucer opens with the return to Athens of the "duke that hightè Theseus," after he had

> "conquer'd all the regne of Feminie,
> That whilom was ycleped Scythia,
> And wedded the freshe queen Hypolita,
> And brought her home with him to his countrey
> With muchel glory and great solempnitie,
> And eke her youngé sister Emelie."

The Two Noble Kinsmen opens with Theseus at Athens, in the company of Hippolyta and her sister, proceeding to the

* Hickson, by the way, ascribes this speculation to Dyce, who quotes it from Collier only to condemn it; and Skeat in turn apparently misunderstands Hickson, who, he says, "needlessly assumes that Henslowe is here referring to *The Two Noble Kinsmen*." What Hickson says, after finding fault with "Dyce" (that is, Collier) for "arguing upon a hypothetical play [Shakespeare's supposed revision of the one mentioned by Henslowe] which, so far as we know, never existed," is this: "In Henslowe's *Diary* we find the following entry: '17 of September, 1594, *ne* Rd at palamon and arsett ljs;' we have the *Two Noble Kinsmen* before us: and there is not a tittle of evidence besides."

† *Doubtful Plays*, etc. (2d ed. 1867), p. 171 fol. (by permission). We select the passages that compare the play with *The Knightes Tale*.

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celebration of his marriage with the "dreaded Amazonian." Their bridal procession is interrupted by the

> "three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
> The wrath of cruel Creon."

In Chaucer the suppliants are a more numerous company. As Theseus was approaching Athens,

> "He was ware, as he cast his eye aside,
> Where that there kneeled in the highé way
> A company of ladies tway and tway,
> Each after other, clad in clothés black;
> But such a cry and such a woe they make,
> That in this world n'is creature living
> That ever heard such another waimenting."

Briefly they tell their tale of woe, and as rapidly does the chivalrous duke resolve to avenge their wrongs:

> "And right anon, withouten more abode,
> His banner he display'd, and forth he rode
> To Thebes ward, and all his host beside."

The Queen and her sister remained at Athens. Out of this rapid narration, which occupies little more than a hundred lines in Chaucer, has the first scene of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* been constructed. Assuredly, the reader who opens that scene for the first time will feel that he has lighted upon a work of no ordinary power. The mere interruption of the bridal procession by the widowed queens—the contrast of their black garments and their stained veils with the white robes and wheaten chaplets and hymeneal songs with which the play opens—is a noble dramatic conception; but the poet, whoever he be, possesses that command of appropriate language which realizes all that the imagination can paint of a dramatic situation and movement; there is nothing shadowy or indistinct, no vague explanations, no trivial epithets. When the First Queen says—

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"Oh, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns to the world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may *chapel* them:"

we know that the thoughts which belong to her condition are embodied in words of no common significancy. When the Second Queen, addressing Hippolyta, "the soldieress," says—

"*Speak't in a woman's key*, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion when the head's pluck'd off!"

we feel that the poet not only wields his harmonious language with the decision of a practised artist, but exhibits the nicer touches which attest his knowledge of natural feelings, and employs images which, however strange and unfamiliar, are so true that we wonder they never occurred to us before, but at the same time so original that they appear to defy copying or imitation. The whole scene is full of the same remarkable word-painting. There is another quality which it exhibits, which is also peculiar to the highest order of minds—the ability to set us thinking—to excite that just and appropriate reflection which might arise of itself out of the exhibition of deep passions and painful struggles and resolute self-denials, but which the true poet breathes into us without an effort, so as to give the key to our thoughts, but utterly avoiding those sententious moralizings which are sometimes deemed to be the province of tragedy. When the Queens commend the surrender which Theseus makes of his affections to a sense of duty, the poet gives us the philosophy of such heroism in a dozen words spoken by Theseus:

"*As we are men*,
Thus should we do; *being sensually subdued*,
We lose our human title."

The first appearance, in Chaucer, of Palamon and Arcite

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is when they lie wounded on the battle-field of Thebes. In *The Two Noble Kinsmen* the necessary conduct of the story, as a drama, requires that the principal personages should be exhibited to us before they become absorbed in the main action. It is on such occasions as these that a dramatist of the highest order makes his characters reveal themselves, naturally and without an effort; and yet so distinctly, that their individual identity is impressed upon the mind, so as to combine with the subsequent movement of the plot. The second scene of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* appears to us somewhat deficient in this power. It is written with great energy; but the two friends are energetic alike: we do not precisely see which is the more excitable, the more daring, the more resolved, the more generous. We could change the names of the speakers without any material injury to the propriety of what they speak. Take, as an opposite example, Hermia and Helena, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, where the differences of character scarcely required to be so nicely defined. And yet in *description* the author of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* makes Palamon and Arcite essentially different:

> "Arcite is gently visag'd: yet his eye
> Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
> In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
> Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
> Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
> Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
> Yet sometimes 't is not so, but alters to
> The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
> Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
> Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
> But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
> So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
> And sadness, merry; those darker humours that
> Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
> Live in fair dwelling."

This is noble writing; and it is quite sufficient to enable the stage representation of the two characters to be well defined.

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Omit it, and omit the recollections of it in the reading, and we doubt greatly whether the characters themselves realize this description; they are not self-evolved and manifested. The third scene, also, is a dramatic addition to the tale of Chaucer. It keeps the interest concentrated upon Hippolyta, and especially Emilia; it is not essential to the action, but it is a graceful addition to it. It has the merit, too, of developing the character of Emilia, and so to reconcile us to the apparent coldness with which she is subsequently content to receive the triumphant rival, whichever he be, as her husband. The Queen and her sister talk of the friendship of Theseus and Perithous. Emilia tells the story of her own friendship, to prove

> "That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
> More than in sex dividual."

This, in some sort, modifies the subsequent position of Emilia, "bride-habited, but maiden-hearted." Her description of her early friendship has been compared to the celebrated passage in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:*

> "Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd," etc.

In Chaucer, Theseus makes swift work with Creon and with Thebes:

> "With Creon, which that was of Thebes king,
> He fought, and slew him manly as a knight
> In plain batáille, and put his folk to flight;
> And by assault he won the city after,
> And rent adown both wall, and spar, and rafter;
> And to the ladies he restor'd again
> The bodies of their husbands that were slain,
> To do th' obsequies, as was then the guise."

It is in the battle-field that Palamon and Arcite are discovered wounded:

> "Not fully quick ne fully dead they were,
> But by their cote-armure and by their gear
> The heralds knew them well in special."

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The incident is literally followed in the play, where the herald says, in answer to the question of Theseus, "They are not dead?"—

> "Nor in a state of life: had they been taken
> When their last hurts were given, 't was possible
> They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
> And have the name of men."

In Chaucer, Theseus is to the heroic friends a merciless conqueror:

> "He full soon them sent
> To Athenes, for to dwellen in prison
> Perpetual, he n'oldé no ransom."

But in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* he would appear to exhibit himself as a generous foe, who, having accomplished the purposes of his expedition, has no enmity with the honest defenders of their country:

> "The very lees of such, millions of rates
> Exceed the wine of others; all our surgeons
> Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
> Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern us
> Much more than Thebes is worth."

The fifth scene of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is a scenic expansion of a short passage in Chaucer:

> "But it were all too long for to devise
> The greaté clamour and the waimenting
> Which that the ladies made at the brenning
> Of the bodies."

The epigrammatic ending of the scene is perhaps familiar to many:

> "This world's a city, full of straying streets;
> And death's the market-place where each one meets."

Pursuing the plan with which we set out, of following the course of Chaucer's story, we pass over all those scenes and parts of scenes which may be called the underplot.

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Such in the second act is the beginning of scene 1. In Chaucer we learn that—

> "in a tow'r, in anguish and in woe,
> Dwellen this Palamon and eke Arcite
> For evermore there may no gold them quite."

The old romantic poet reserves his dialogue for the real business of the story, when the two friends, each seeing Emilia from the prison-window, become upon the instant defying rivals for her love. This incident is not managed with more preparation by the dramatist; but the prelude to it exhibits the two young men consoling each other under their adverse fortune, and making resolutions of eternal friendship. . . .

We are now arrived at a part of the tale where the poetry of Chaucer assumes the dramatic form. The description of Emilia walking in the garden, the first sight of her by Palamon, and his imaginative love, the subsequent prostration of his heart before the same vision by Arcite—are all told with wonderful spirit by the old poet. The entire passage is too long for extract, but we give some lines which will show that the energy of Chaucer imposed no common task of rivalry upon him who undertook to dramatize this scene of passion:

> "This Palamon gan knit his browés tway.
> 'It were,' quod he, 'to thee no great honour
> For to be false, ne for to be traytour
> To me, that am thy cousin and thy brother
> Ysworn full deep, and each of us to other,
> That never for to dien in the pain,
> Till that the death departen shall us twain,
> Neither of us in love to hinder other,
> Ne in none other case, my levé brother;
> But that thou shouldest truly further me
> In every case as I should further thee.
> This was thine oath, and mine also, certain;
> I wot it well, thou dar'st it not withsain:
> Thus art thou of my counsel out of doubt,
> And now thou wouldest falsely been about

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To love my lady, whom I love and serve,
And ever shall till that my hearté sterve.
"'Now certés, false Arcite, thou shalt not so:
I lov'd her first, and toldé thee my woe
As to my counsel, and my brother sworn
To further me as I have told beforn,
For which thou art ybounden as a knight
To helpen me, if it lie in thy might,
Or ellés art thou false I dare well say'n.'
"This Arcita fully proudly spake again.
'Thou shalt,' quod he, 'be rather false than I,
And thou art false, I tell thee utterly
For *par amour* I lov'd her first ere thou.'"

It is a remarkable circumstance that one of the conditions of the friendship of the young men—the chivalric bond,

"Neither of us in love to hinder other,"—

so capable of dramatic expansion, has been passed over by the writer of this scene in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. The story is followed in Arcite being freed; but in Chaucer he returns to Thebes, and after a long absence comes to the court of Theseus in disguise. The unity of time is preserved in the drama, by making him a victor in athletic sports, and thus introduced to the favour of Theseus and the service of Emilia. In Chaucer, Palamon, after seven years' durance,

"By helping of a friend brake his prison."

The Gaoler's Daughter is a parasitical growth around the old vigorous tree.

Palamon is fled to the woods. Arcite has ridden to the fields to make his May-garland; and his unhappy friend, fearful of pursuit, hears him, unknown, sing—

"O Maye, with all thy flowrés and thy green,
Right welcome be thou fairé freshé May;
I hope that I some green here getten may."

The old poet continues, with his inimitable humour:

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"When that Arcite had roamed all his fill,
And sungen all the roundel lustily,
Into a study he fell suddenly,
As do these lovers in their quainté gears,
Now in the crop, and now down in the breres,
Now up, now down, as bucket in a well."

The lover gives utterance to his lamentations; his rival hears him, and starts out of the bushes with, "False Arcite, false traitor!" Arcite proposes that they should determine their contention by mortal combat on the following day:

"Here I will be founden as a knight,
And bringen harness right enough for thee;
And choose the best, and leave the worst for me:
And meat and drinké this night will I bring."

The corresponding scene in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is finely written. There is a quiet strength about it which exhibits very high art. . . . The third scene, where Arcite comes to Palamon "with meat, wine, and files," is merely the carrying out of the action promised in the previous interview. It is unnecessary for the dramatic movement. . . .

The combat itself takes place in the sixth scene. The passage in Chaucer upon which this scene is founded possesses all his characteristic energy. The hard outline which it presents is in some degree a natural consequence of its force and clearness:

"And in the grove, at time and place yset,
This Arcite and this Palamon been met.
Tho changen gan the colour of their face;
Right as the hunter in the regne of Thrace
That standeth at a gappé with a spear,
When hunted is the lion or the bear,
And heareth him come rushing in the greves,
And breaking both the boughés and the leaves,
And think'th, 'Here com'th my mortal enemy,
Withouten fail he must be dead or I;
For either I must slay him at the gap,
Or he must slay me, if that me mishap.'

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So fareden they in changing of their hue,
As far as either of them other knew.
There n'as no good day, ne no saluing,
But straight withouten wordés rehearsing,
Everich of them help to armen other
As friendly as he were his owen brother;
And after that with sharpé spearés strong
They foinden each at other wonder long."

It is upon the "everich of them help to armen other" that the dramatist has founded the interchange of courtesies between the two kinsmen. . . . The interruption to the combat by Theseus and his train; the condemnation of the rivals by the duke; the intercession of Hippolyta and Emilia; and the final determination that the knights should depart, and within a month return accompanied by other knights to contend in bodily strength for the fair prize—these incidents are founded pretty closely upon Chaucer, with the exception that the elder poet does not make Theseus decree that the vanquished shall die upon the block. The scene has no marked deviation in style from that which precedes it.

The supposed interval of time during the absence of the knights is filled up by Chaucer with some of the finest descriptions which can be found amongst the numberless vivid pictures which his writings exhibit. In *The Two Noble Kinsmen* the whole of the fourth act is occupied with the progress of the underplot; with the exception of the second scene, which commences with the long and not very dramatic soliloquy of Emilia upon the pictures of her two lovers, and is followed by an equally undramatic description by a messenger of the arrival of the princes and of the qualities of their companions. This description is founded upon Chaucer. We pass on to the fifth act.

Chaucer has wonderfully described the temples of Venus, of Mars, and of Diana. The dramatist has followed him in making Arcite address himself to Mars, Palamon to Venus,

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and Emilia to Diana. Parts of these scenes are without all doubt the finest passages of the play, surpassed by very few things indeed within their own poetical range. The addresses of Arcite to Mars, and of Emilia to Diana, possess a condensation of thought, a strength of imagery, and a majesty of language, almost unequalled by the very highest masters of the art; but they as properly belong to the epic as to the dramatic division of poetry. The invocation of Palamon to Venus, although less sustained and less pleasing, is to our minds more dramatic: it belongs more to romantic poetry. The nobler invocations are cast in a classical mould. The combat scene is not presented on the stage. The absence of it is certainly managed with very great skill. Emilia refuses to be present; she is alone; the tumult is around her; rumour upon rumour is brought to her; she attempts to analyze her own feelings; and we must say that she appears to be thinking more of herself than is consistent with a very high conception of female excellence. Arcite is eventually the victor. Palamon and his friends appear on the scaffold, prepared for death. Then comes the catastrophe of Arcite's sudden calamity in the hour of triumph; and this again is description. The death of Arcite is told by Chaucer with great pathos; and the address of the dying man to Emilia is marked by truth and simplicity infinitely touching:

"What is this world? what asken men to have?
Now with his love, now in his coldé grave—
Alone—withouten any company.
Farewell, my sweet, farewell, mine Emily!
And softé take me in your armés tway
For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.
I have here with my cousin Palamon
Had strife and rancour many a day agone
For love of you, and for my jealousy;
And Jupiter to wis my soulé gie,
To speaken of a servant properly,
With allé circumstances truély,

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That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthead,
Wisdom, humbless, estate, and high kindred,
Freedom, and all that longeth to that art,
So Jupiter have of my soulé part,
As in this world right now ne know I none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon,
That serveth you, and will do all his life;
And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
Forget not Palamon, the gentle man."

The dramatic poet falls short of this:

"Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand;
Farewell! I have told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous. Forgive me, cousin!—
One kiss from fair Emilia!—'T is done:
Take her. I die!"

[*From Ward's "English Dramatic Literature."* *]

The Two Noble Kinsmen was, according to its publisher of 1634 and the opinion of several critics, written conjointly by Fletcher and Shakespeare. Sceptical as I remain with regard to this statement [cf. p. 16 above], I am the more anxious to advert to the many beauties of this "tragi-comedy," as it originally appears to have been called, doubtless because of its (imperfectly) "happy ending." For the comic element is very slight, being in the main confined to a scene (iii. 5) which is not without reminiscences both of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and more particularly of *Love's Labour's Lost*, the schoolmaster Gerrold being evidently a copy of Holofernes. The main story is of course that of Chaucer's *Knightes Tale;* but though the divergences in the plot are slight, there are other differences of far greater significance. Chaucer's poem was founded on the *Teseide* of Boccaccio; but it is by no means a translation, for of the lines composing it only an eighth or less are said to be

* *A History of English Dramatic Literature*, by A. W. Ward, A.M. (London, 1875), vol. ii. p. 232.

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translated from the original. The drama inevitably reduces the length in time of the action; it omits (likewise inevitably) many of the vivid descriptions of the poem (for example, that of the three temples and much of the tournament), and discreetly abbreviates the conduct of the catastrophe. The supernatural machinery (skilfully enough interwoven with the action by Chaucer) it leaves aside altogether, except in the incidents of the temple scenes (v. 1–3). On the other hand, it substitutes for Chaucer's in itself very striking description of the two cousins silently arming one another for their mutual combat, a most effective dialogue between them (iii. 6). What is of more importance, the drama develops with greater fulness the character of Emily, which Chaucer treats rather lightly;* and introduces the entirely new and exceedingly pathetic character of the Gaoler's Daughter, whose unrequited love liberates Palamon from prison. The earlier scenes in which the poor child discloses her hopeless but irresistible love are very touching; and her first loss of reason is very powerfully depicted; though afterwards (not to speak of too obvious reminiscences of Ophelia) this episode is drawn out at too great length and in the end degraded. The play abounds in beauties of detail, and as a whole is a most successful solution of the difficult problem of converting an epos into a drama, chiefly by the proper means of elaborating the characterization. The close is as unsatisfactory in the drama as in the poem; indeed, more so in the former than in the latter, for Chaucer's philosophy helps to reconcile us to the unequal fates of the two kinsmen as a matter of destiny. Palamon should have killed himself over Arcite's corpse, and Emily resumed her vows of virginity.

* In one passage indeed, with a genial cynicism not unusual to him, when in a mood of "heresie ayenst the law" of Love:

"For women, as to speken in commune,
They folwen all the favour of fortune."

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[*Comments on the Play by F. G. Fleay, M.A.**]

The composition of this play by Shakespeare and Fletcher was, nearly without error, analyzed by Weber; though his unostentatious work has been eclipsed by that of later critics. The correct division is, as I have shown by metrical tests: Shakespeare—i. 1–5, ii. 1*a* (which should, as in the old editions, form a separate scene†), iii. 1, iv. 3, v. 1 (except lines 1–17, which are Fletcher's, as I ought to have pointed out before this), v. 3, 4. Fletcher's scenes are from ii. 1*b* to ii. 5,‡ iii. 2 to iv. 2, v. 2, and the 17 lines mentioned above. But it has always been felt that, although the same two hands were employed as in *Henry VIII.*, the results were not correspondent. This residuary problem is not soluble by metrical testing: we must have recourse to different considerations.

It is clear that this play was printed from a play-house manuscript, because in i. 3 there are stage-directions in the margin, "2 Hearses ready with Palamon and Arcite; the 3 Queenes, Theseus and his Lordes ready;" and again in iii. 5, "Knock for Schoole," etc. In the Prologue we are also told this was a *new* play. Whatever further indications can be found, then, in the quarto as to date will apply to the original production, and not to a revival. Now in iv. 2 we find "Enter Messenger. Curtis." Curtis was then the name of the actor who took the Messenger's part. The only Curtis known among actors in Fletcher's time is Curtis Greville, member of Lady Elizabeth's Players in 1622; of the Palsgrave's in the same year; of the King's in October, 1626, when Massinger's *Roman Actor* was performed. This

* After the preceding pages were in type, this paper was sent us by Mr. Fleay, with permission to use it in this edition.

† We have made it a separate scene in this edition, as Knight, Littledale, and Hudson do.

‡ That is, scenes 2–6, according to the numbering of this edition.

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gives us as date for our play 1623–1626, which agrees with Dyce's opinion that Fletcher's part was written at the close of his career. But we can get closer than this.

In August, 1624, the King's Players were in difficulties about Middleton's *Game of Chess*.

On June 24, 1625, their patent was granted to the King's Players by Charles I., on condition that they should not perform in London till the number of plague-infested persons should be less than forty in the week.

Charles I. had succeeded to the throne on March 27, and a cloak, etc., had been distributed to each of the King's Players, including three not named in the patent, and fifteen in all, clearly the whole company. Greville's name is *not* on this list.

The last notice of the Palsgrave's Players is on November 3, 1624. The company probably broke up about the time of Charles's accession, and was succeeded by the company of the Fortune. Greville would seem to have taken the first opportunity of joining the King's Players, perhaps immediately after March 27, 1625; certainly before November, 1626. This brings our limits very close.

Again, the Prologue was clearly one of Fletcher's own modest compositions; for, had it been written after his death, there would have been a flourish about him in it (compare the prologues to *The Elder Brother*, *Lover's Progress*, and others written after that event): and in this Prologue we read

> "If this play do not keep
> A little dull time from us, we perceive
> Our losses fall so thick, we needs must leave."

This is in anticipation of the inhibition to act during the prevalence of the plague: the losses were the small attendance during the sickly time coming just after the trouble about Middleton's play. They did actually leave London in July because of the plague; and Fletcher left this life in August by the same disease.

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We now get as limits of date March 27, 1625, and June 24, 1625, Fletcher's last complete play having been licensed October 19, 1624. This was *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.* We are now justified in concluding that as about April, 1625, the plague began to threaten, and Greville had not joined the company on March 27th, we cannot be wrong in absolutely fixing the date at about Easter (April 17th). We may even guess the day as Easter Monday (April 18th), as on that day new plays frequently appeared.

We can now get rid of many difficulties. The play was not included in the 1623 folio because it did not exist. The editors of that folio were not so careless as is supposed. They omitted *Pericles*, indeed, but how could they help it while Rowley and Wilkins, joint authors and owners of copyright, were still alive? They omitted *Edward III.* because it is very likely that Shakespeare never claimed his share in a play that had been acted, not at a regular theatre, but "about the city of London" in the plague-year of 1593. As for this play, I have no doubt they gave it to Fletcher to complete, just as they did *Timon of Athens* to Cyril Tourneur, but he did not get it done in time. For the care exercised in such cases compare the instance of Fletcher's *Wild-Goose Chase.*

Among minor matters confirming this conclusion, note that the prologue was spoken at Blackfriars; had Fletcher and Shakespeare jointly produced the play on the stage, it would have been spoken at the Globe: also the use of the title *Noble*, which was a fashion just coming in at that time. Thus Massinger's *Bondman* was entered as *The Noble Bondman* in December, 1623; and other instances are Massinger's *Noble Choice*, Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, the *Noble Ravishers*, Rowley's *Noble Spanish Soldier*, originally entered as the *Spanish Soldier*, Sharpe's *Noble Stranger*, and Glapthorne's *Noble Trial.* All these occur between 1623 and 1636, and in no earlier instance does the word *Noble* occur in a title.

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Now for the case of *Henry VIII.* This play was being acted in 1613 when the Globe was burned. It was then a new play, and the allusions to its second title, "All is True," in the prologue written by Fletcher, show that our present copy is the one then produced. Fletcher from the latter part of 1611 till the early part of 1613 was writing with Beaumont for the Children of the Revels. Beaumont then ceased to write, and Fletcher returned to the King's Company. Hence *Henry VIII.* was probably his first play for them after his return. But this also was in all probability not a case of joint composition any more than the *Kinsmen.* Had Shakespeare continued to work after 1611 (the latest date for the *Winter's Tale*), he would hardly have taken two years to finish two plays. He probably began these in 1611 (1612 at latest), and for reasons unknown to us gave up work suddenly. However this may be, the differences in Fletcher's handling of the two plays are fully accounted for by the different dates of work.

I cannot conclude without noticing the epochs marked by these plays: the one coincident with the retirement of Beaumont, Marston, Chapman, and Shakespeare, the beginning of Massinger's career, the burning of the Globe, the abolition of Whitefriars, the marriage of the Palatine; the other, with the deaths of Rowley, Middleton, and Fletcher, the end of the theatrical career of Dekker and Webster, the beginning of Ford's, the epoch of many theatrical changes, and the accession of a new King.

Finally, we have in these two plays the very latest work of our two most influential dramatists; the one in all senses the great playwright of the stage in Blackfriars, the other the still greater poet of the GLOBE. One marks the end of the Silver, the other of the Golden, Age of our theatre: after them came the Brazen Age of Ford, Massinger, and Shirley, again to be succeeded by the Iron Age of the men of the Restoration.

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THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

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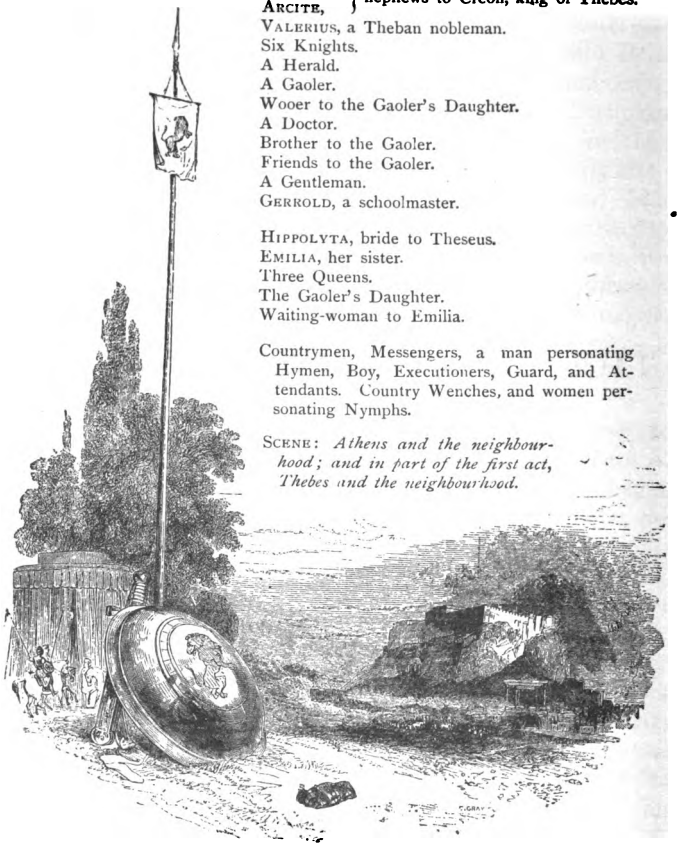
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, duke of Athens.
PIRITHOUS, an Athenian general.
ARTESIUS, an Athenian captain.
PALAMON, ARCITE, } **nephews to Creon, king of Thebes.**
VALERIUS, a Theban nobleman.
Six Knights.
A Herald.
A Gaoler.
Wooer to the Gaoler's Daughter.
A Doctor.
Brother to the Gaoler.
Friends to the Gaoler.
A Gentleman.
GERROLD, a schoolmaster.

HIPPOLYTA, bride to Theseus.
EMILIA, her sister.
Three Queens.
The Gaoler's Daughter.
Waiting-woman to Emilia.

Countrymen, Messengers, a man personating Hymen, Boy, Executioners, Guard, and Attendants. Country Wenches, and women personating Nymphs.

SCENE: *Athens and the neighbourhood; and in part of the first act, Thebes and the neighbourhood.*



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GRECIAN HORSEMEN. FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

PROLOGUE.

New plays and maidenheads are near akin;
Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'en,
If they stand sound and well: and a good play,
Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,
And shake to lose his honour, is like her
That, after holy tie and first night's stir,
Yet still is modesty, and still retains
More of the maid to sight than husband's pains.
We pray our play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder and a pure,
A learned, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent.
Chaucer, of all admir'd, the story gives;
There constant to eternity it lives.
If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,

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And make him cry from under ground, 'O, fan
From me the witless chaff of such a writer
That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works makes lighter
Than Robin Hood!' This is the fear we bring;
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,
And something do to save us: you shall hear
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travail. To his bones sweet sleep!
Content to you!—If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we needs must leave. [*Flourish.*

AN AMAZON.

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ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. Before a Temple.*

Enter HYMEN, *with a torch burning; a* Boy, *in a white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers; after* HYMEN, *a* Nymph, *encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland; then* THESEUS, *between two other* Nymphs *with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then* HIPPOLYTA, *the bride, led by* PIRITHOUS, *and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her,* EMILIA, *holding up her train;* ARTESIUS *and* Attendants.

The Song. [*Music.*

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

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Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Larks'-heels trim;

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [Strewing flowers.
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Enter three Queens, *in black, with veils stained, and with imperial crowns. The* First Queen *falls down at the foot of* THESEUS; *the* Second *falls down at the foot of* HIPPOLYTA; *the* Third *before* EMILIA.

1 *Queen.* For pity's sake and true gentility's,
Hear and respect me!
2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake,
And as you wish yourself may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me!
3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses! This good deed

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Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses
All you are set down there.
Theseus. Sad lady, rise.
Hippolyta. Stand up.
Emilia. No knees to me!
What woman I may stead that is distress'd
Does bind me to her.
Theseus. What 's your request? Deliver you for all.
1 *Queen.* We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endure
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take the offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. O, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns to the world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them!
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to everything!
Theseus. Pray you, kneel not;
I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capanëus was your lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,

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Nor in more bounty spread her; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor thresh'd nor blasted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman—
Then weaker than your eyes—laid by his club;
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,
And swore his sinews thaw'd. O grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!

1 *Queen.* O, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he 'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker!

Theseus. O, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—
Troubled I am. [*Turns away.*

2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord—
Born to uphold creation in that honour
First nature styl'd it in—shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity;
Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than e'er he had on thee; who ow'st his strength
And his love too, who is a servant for
The tenour of thy speech; dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming war doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us;
Require him he advance it o'er our heads.
Speak 't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;

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But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion when the head 's pluck'd off;
Tell him, if he i' the blood-siz'd field lay swoln,
Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do!

Hippolyta. Poor lady, say no more;
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I 'm going, and ne'er yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;
I 'll speak anon.

3 *Queen.* O, my petition was [*Kneels to Emilia.*
Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied,
Melts into drops; so sorrow, wanting form,
Is press'd with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray stand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 *Queen.* O, woe!
You cannot read it there; there, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream
You may behold 'em! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' the earth
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Emilia. Pray you, say nothing, pray you;
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in 't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed,—
Such heart-pierc'd demonstration!—but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,

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That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity
Though it were made of stone; pray have good comfort!
Theseus. Forward to the temple! leave not out a jot
O' the sacred ceremony.
1 *Queen.* O, this celebration
Will longer last, and be more costly, than
Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o' the world. What you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions; but—O Jove!—your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
Subdue before they touch. Think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!
2 *Queen.* What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!
3 *Queen.* None fit for the dead!
Those that, with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow—
1 *Queen.* But our lords
Lie blistering fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings when living.
Theseus. It is true:
And I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves; the which to do
Must make some work with Creon.
1 *Queen.* And that work now presents itself to the doing;
Now 't will take form; the heats are gone to-morrow.
Then bootless toil must recompense itself
With it's own sweat; now he 's secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,

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Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes,
To make petition clear.
2 *Queen.* Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory—
3 *Queen.* And his army full
Of bread and sloth.
Theseus. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise,
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business, forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we despatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock!
1 *Queen.* Dowagers, take hands!
Let us be widows to our woes! Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.
All the Queens. Farewell!
2 *Queen.* We come unseasonably; but when could grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fitt'st time
For best solicitation?
Theseus. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
1 *Queen.* The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected. When her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moonlight corslet thee, O, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? O, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in 't will

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Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to!

Hippolyta. [*Kneeling to Theseus*] Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor, yet I think,
Did I not, by the abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me. Therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service.

All Queens. O, help now! [*To Emilia.*

Our cause cries for your knee.

Emilia. [*Kneeling to Theseus*] If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I 'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

Theseus. Pray stand up!

[*Hippolyta and Emilia rise.*

I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me.—Pirithous,
Lead on the bride. Get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not anything
In the pretended celebration.—Queens,
Follow your soldier.—As before, hence you, [*to Artesius.*
And at the banks of Aulis meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find

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The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger look'd.—[*To Hippolyta*] Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token!—[*To Artesius*] Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.— [*Exit Artesius.*
Farewell, my beauteous sister!—Pirithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on 't!
Pirithous. Sir,
I 'll follow you at heels; the feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return.
Theseus. Cousin, I charge you,
Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray you,
Make no abatement.—Once more, farewell all!
[*Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, Hymen, Boy, Nymphs, and Attendants enter the temple.*
1 *Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good
The tongue o' the world—
2 *Queen.* And earn'st a deity
Equal with Mars—
3 *Queen.* If not above him; for
Thou, being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honours; they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery.
Theseus. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies!
Now turn we towards your comforts. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Thebes. The Court of the Palace.*

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

Arcite. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in

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The crimes of nature, let us leave the city,
Thebes, and the temptings in 't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth:
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence; for not to swim
I' the aid o' the current were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 't would bring us to an eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but life and weakness.

Palamon. Your advice
Is cried up with example. What strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! scars and bare weeds,
The gain o' the martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends honour and golden ingots,
Which, though he won, he had not; and now flurted
By Peace, for whom he fought! Who then shall offer
To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that Peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than strife or war could be.

Arcite. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds;
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity
But the unconsider'd soldier?

Palamon. Yes; I pity
Decays where'er I find them; but such most
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.

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Arcite. 'T is not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes. I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing; where every evil
Hath a good colour; where every seeming good 's
A certain evil; where not to be even jump
As they are here, were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters.
Palamon. It is in our power—
Unless we fear that apes can tutor 's—to
Be masters of our manners. What need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceiv'd, sav'd too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long until
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know
Why mine own barber is unbless'd, with him
My poor chin too, for 't is not scissar'd just
To such a favourite's glass? What canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle 't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' the sequent trace. These poor slight sores
Need not a plantain; that which rips my bosom,
Almost to the heart, 's—
Arcite. Our uncle Creon.
Palamon. He,
A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes
Makes heaven unfear'd, and villany assur'd
Beyond its power there 's nothing; almost puts

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Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance; who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act; commands men's service,
And what they win in 't, boot and glory; one
That fears not to do harm, good dares not. Let
The blood of mine that 's sib to him be suck'd
From me with leeches! let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!

Arcite. Clear-spirited cousin,
Let 's leave his court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy; for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile or disobedient, not his kinsmen
In blood unless in quality.

Palamon. Nothing truer!
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heavenly justice; widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

Enter VALERIUS.

Valerius. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed
Till his great rage be off him. Phœbus, when
He broke his whipstock and exclaim'd against
The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.

Palamon. Small winds shake him;
But what 's the matter?

Valerius. Theseus—who, where he threats, appals—hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.

Arcite. Let him approach!

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But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us; yet what man
Thirds his own worth—the case is each of ours—
When that his action 's dregg'd with mind assur'd
'T is bad he goes about?
Palamon. Leave that unreason'd;
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet to be neutral to him were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.
Arcite. So we must.—
Is 't said this war 's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?
Valerius. 'T is in motion;
The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.
Palamon. Let 's to the king, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: but, alas,
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o' the stroke do damage?
Arcite. Let the event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before the Gates of Athens.*

Enter PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, *and* EMILIA.

Pirithous. No further!
Hippolyta. Sir, farewell! Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not

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Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an 't might be,
To dare ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him;
Store never hurts good governors.
Pirithous. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there.—My precious maid,
Those best affections that the heavens infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces keep enthron'd
In your dear heart!
Emilia. Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother, for whose speed
The great Bellona I 'll solicit; and
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I 'll offer to her
What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.
Hippolyta. In 's bosom!
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women
That have sod their infants in—and after eat them—
The brine they wept at killing 'em; then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.
Pirithous. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit.*
Emilia. How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart his sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, pass'd slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider; but
Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal

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To these so differing twins. Have you observ'd him
Since our great lord departed?
Hippolyta. With much labour,
And I did love him for 't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending; they have skiff'd
Torrents whose roaring tyranny and power
I' the least of these was dreadful; and they have
Fought out together, where death's self was lodg'd,
Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be outworn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.
Emilia. Doubtless
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' the moon—
Which then look'd pale at parting—when our count
Was each eleven.
Hippolyta. 'T was Flavina.
Emilia. Yes.
You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And she I sigh and spoke of were things innocent,
Lov'd for we did, and, like the elements,
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance, our souls

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Did so to one another. What she lik'd,
Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment. The flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts—then but beginning
To swell about the blossom—she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phœnix-like
They died in perfume. On my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections—pretty,
Though happily her careless wear—I follow'd
For my most serious decking. Had mine ear
Stolen some new air, or at adventure humm'd one
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn—rather dwell on—
And sing it in her slumbers. This rehearsal—
Which, every innocent wots well, comes in
Like old importment's bastard—has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.

Hippolyta. You 're out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that 's call'd man.

Emilia. I am sure I shall not.

Hippolyta. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point—
Though in 't I know thou dost believe thyself—
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loathes even as it longs. But sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance
That we, more than his Pirithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.

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Emilia. I am not
Against your faith; yet I continue mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Field before Thebes.*

Cornets. A battle struck within; then a retreat; then a flourish. Then enter THESEUS, *victor; the three* Queens *meet him, and fall on their faces before him.*

1 *Queen.* To thee no star be dark!
2 *Queen.* Both heaven and earth
Friend thee for ever!
3 *Queen.* All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry amen to 't!
Theseus. The impartial gods, who from the mounted heavens
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony. Rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply 't.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect. So adieu,
And heaven's good eyes look on you!—What are those?
[*Exeunt Queens.*
Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd
By their appointment; some of Thebes have told 's
They are sisters' children, nephews to the king.
Theseus. By the helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions smear'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops aghast; I fix'd my note
Constantly on them, for they were a mark
Worth a god's view. What was 't that prisoner told me
When I inquir'd their names?
Herald. We learn, they're call'd
Arcite and Palamon.

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Theseus. 'T is right; those, those.
They are not dead?

Herald. Nor in a state of life: had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 't was possible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.

Theseus. Then like men use 'em;
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others. All our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste: their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;
But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air—to them unkind—and minister
What man to man may do; for our sake, more:
Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,
Love's provocations, zeal, a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Hath set a mark—which nature could not reach to
Without some imposition—, sickness in will,
Or wrestling strength in reason. For our love
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender!—Lead into the city;
Where having bound things scatter'd, we will post
To Athens fore our army. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

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SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter the Queens *with the hearses of their husbands in a funeral solemnity, etc.*

Song.

Urns and odours bring away!
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying;
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours through the wild air flying!
Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed pleasure's foes!
We convent nought else but woes.
We convent, etc.

3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your household's grave.
Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!
2 *Queen.* And this to yours!
1 *Queen.* Yours this way! Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end!
3 *Queen.* This world 's a city full of straying streets,
And death 's the market-place where each one meets.
[*Exeunt severally.*

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EMILIA AND HER WAITING-WOMAN.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Athens. A Garden, with a Castle in the background.*

Enter Gaoler *and* Wooer.

Gaoler. I may depart with little, while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come; before one salmon, you shall take a number of minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker; I would I were really that I am delivered to be! Marry, what I have—be it what it will—I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I will estate your daughter in what I have promised. 10

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Gaoler. Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter, *with rushes.*

Gaoler. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old business: but no more of that now. So soon as the court-hurry is over, we will have an end of it. I' the mean time, look tenderly to the two prisoners. I can tell you they are princes.

Daughter. These strewings are for their chamber. 'T is pity they are in prison, and 't were pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed; the prison itself is proud of 'em, and they have all the world in their chamber.

Gaoler. They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.

Daughter. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em; they stand a grise above the reach of report.

Gaoler. I heard them reported in the battle to be the only doers.

Daughter. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have looked, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Gaoler. Do they so?

Daughter. It seems to me they have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens; they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet sometime a divided sigh, martyred as 't were i' the deliverance, will break from one of them; when the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

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Wooer. I never saw 'em.

Gaoler. The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they; what the reason of it is, I know not.—[*Palamon and Arcite appear at a window, above*] Look, yonder they are! that 's Arcite looks out.

Daughter. No, sir, no; that 's Palamon. Arcite is the lower of the twain; you may perceive a part of him.

Gaoler. Go to, leave your pointing! They would not make us their object; out of their sight!

Daughter. It is a holiday to look on them! Lord, the difference of men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

Palamon. How do you, noble cousin?

Arcite. How do you, sir?

Palamon. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners
I fear for ever, cousin.

Arcite. I believe it;
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Palamon. O, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O, never

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Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now—
Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore—
Ravish'd our sides, like age must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more!

Arcite. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring; here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!'
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature. This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here but one another,
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

Palamon. 'T is too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Stuck with our well-steel'd darts! All valiant uses—

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The food and nourishment of noble minds—
In us two here shall perish; we shall die—
Which is the curse of honour—lazily,
Children of grief and ignorance.
Arcite. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here,—a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!
Palamon. Certainly,
'T is a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twin'd together: 't is most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all 's done.
Arcite. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?
Palamon. How, gentle cousin?
Arcite. Let 's think this prison holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men.
We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place

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Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us; here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Grave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.
Palamon. You have made me—
I thank you, cousin Arcite—almost wanton
With my captivity; what a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere!
'T is like a beast, methinks! I find the court here,
I am sure, a more content; and all those pleasures,
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 't is but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones! Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
Shall I say more?
Arcite. I would hear you still.
Palamon. Ye shall.
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, Arcite?
Arcite. Sure, there cannot.
Palamon. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

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Arcite. Till our deaths it cannot;
And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir.

Enter EMILIA *and* Waiting-woman, *below.*

Emilia. This garden has a world of pleasures in 't.
What flower is this?
Waiting-woman. 'T is call'd narcissus, madam.
Emilia. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself; were there not maids enough?
Arcite. Pray, forward.
Palamon. Yes.
Emilia. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Waiting-woman. They could not be to one so fair.
Emilia. Thou wouldst not?
Waiting-woman. I think I should not, madam.
Emilia. That 's a good wench;
But take heed to your kindness though!
Waiting-woman. Why, madam?
Emilia. Men are mad things.
Arcite. Will ye go forward, cousin?
Emilia. Canst thou not work such flowers in silk, wench?
Waiting-woman. Yes.
Emilia. I 'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;
This is a pretty colour: will 't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?
Waiting-woman. Dainty, madam.
Arcite. Cousin! Cousin! How do you, sir? Why, Palamon!
Palamon. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.
Arcite. Why, what 's the matter, man?
Palamon. Behold, and wonder!
By heaven, she is a goddess!
Arcite. Ha!
Palamon. Do reverence!
She is a goddess, Arcite!

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Emilia. Of all flowers
Methinks a rose is best.
Waiting-woman. Why, gentle madam?
Emilia. It is the very emblem of a maid;
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.
Arcite. She is wondrous fair!
Palamon. She is all the beauty extant!
Emilia. The sun grows high; let 's walk in. Keep these flowers;
We 'll see how near art can come near their colours.
[*Exit with Waiting-woman.*
Palamon. What think you of this beauty?
Arcite. 'T is a rare one.
Palamon. Is 't but a rare one?
Arcite. Yes, a matchless beauty.
Palamon. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?
Arcite. I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
Beshrew mine eyes for 't! Now I feel my shackles.
Palamon. You love her then?
Arcite. Who would not?
Palamon. And desire her?
Arcite. Before my liberty.
Palamon. I saw her first.
Arcite. That 's nothing.
Palamon. But it shall be.
Arcite. I saw her too.
Palamon. Yes; but you must not love her.
Arcite. I will not, as you do, to worship her,
As she is heavenly and a blessed goddess:

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I love her as a woman, to enjoy her;
So both may love.
Palamon. You shall not love at all.
Arcite. Not love at all? who shall deny me?
Palamon. I that first saw her; I that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties in her
Reveal'd to mankind! If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her; friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!
Arcite. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.
If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon!
I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living
That is a man's son.
Palamon. Have I call'd thee friend?
Arcite. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you mov'd thus?
Let me deal coldly with you: am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you have told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.
Palamon. Yes.
Arcite. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?
Palamon. Ye may be.
Arcite. Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?

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Palamon. No; but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.
Arcite. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?
Palamon. Yes, if he be but one.
Arcite. But say that one
Had rather combat me?
Palamon. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom; else, if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!
Arcite. You are mad.
Palamon. I must be,
Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me;
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
Arcite. Fie, sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.
Palamon. O, that now, that now,
Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands! I 'd quickly teach thee
What 't were to filch affection from another!
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse!
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I 'll nail thy life to 't!
Arcite. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art feeble.
Put my head out! I 'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.
Palamon. No more! the keeper 's coming; I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
Arcite. Do!

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Enter Gaoler.

Gaoler. By your leave, gentlemen.

Palamon. Now, honest keeper?

Gaoler. Lord Arcite, you must presently to the duke;
The cause I know not yet.

Arcite. I am ready, keeper.

Gaoler. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair cousin's company. [*Exit with Arcite.*

Palamon. And me too,
Even when you please, of life.—Why is he sent for?
It may be, he shall marry her; he 's goodly,
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again! Once more
I would but see this fair one.—Blessed garden,
And fruit and flowers more blessed, that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye! Would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricock!
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,
Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;
And, if she be not heavenly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;
And then I am sure she would love me.—

Re-enter Gaoler.

How now, keeper!
Where 's Arcite?

Gaoler. Banish'd. Prince Pirithous
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,

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Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.
Palamon. He 's a blessed man!
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire. Arcite shall have a fortune.
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he 's a cold coward.
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me!
Gaoler. My lord, for you
I have this charge too—
Palamon. To discharge my life?
Gaoler. No; but from this place to remove your lordship;
The windows are too open.
Palamon. Devils take 'em,
That are so envious to me! Prithee, kill me!
Gaoler. And hang for 't afterward?
Palamon. By this good light,
Had I a sword, I 'd kill thee!
Gaoler. Why, my lord?
Palamon. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life! I will not go.
Gaoler. Indeed you must, my lord.
Palamon. May I see the garden?
Gaoler. No.
Palamon. Then I am resolv'd I will not go.
Gaoler. I must

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Constrain you then; and, for you are dangerous,
I 'll clap more irons on you.
Palamon. Do, good keeper!
I 'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep;
I 'll make ye a new morris! Must I go?
Gaoler. There is no remedy.
Palamon. Farewell, kind window!
May rude wind never hurt thee!—O my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer!—Come, now bury me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Country near Athens.*

Enter ARCITE.

Arcite. Banish'd the kingdom? 'T is a benefit,
A mercy I must thank 'em for; but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
O, 't was a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! such a vengeance
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me.—Palamon,
Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall.
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one, he 'll come to speak to her;
And, if she be as gentle as she 's fair,
I know she 's his; he has a tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come what can come,
The worst is death; I will not leave the kingdom.
I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redress there; if I go, he has her.

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I am resolv'd; another shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes; either way, I 'm happy:
I 'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Countrymen; *one with a garland before them.*

1 *Countryman.* My masters, I 'll be there, that 's certain.
2 *Countryman.* And I 'll be there.
3 *Countryman.* And I.
4 *Countryman.* Why then, have with ye, boys, 't is but a chiding;
Let the plough play to day! I 'll tickle 't out
Of the jades' tails to-morrow!
1 *Countryman.* I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
But that 's all one; I 'll go through, let her mumble.
3 *Countryman.* Do we all hold against the Maying?
4 *Countryman.* Hold! what should ail us?
3 *Countryman.* Arcas will be there.
2 *Countryman.* And Sennois,
And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danc'd
Under green tree; and ye know what wenches, ha!
But will the dainty domine, the schoolmaster,
Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye know.
3 *Countryman.* He 'll eat a horn-book, ere he fail; go to!
The matter 's too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.
4 *Countryman.* Shall we be lusty?
2 *Countryman.* Here I 'll be,
And there I 'll be, for our town; and here again,
And there again! Ha, boys, heigh for the weavers!
1 *Countryman.* This must be done i' the woods.
4 *Countryman.* O, pardon me!
2 *Countryman.* By any means; our thing of learning says so;
Where he himself will edify the duke

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Most parlously in our behalfs: he 's excellent i' the woods;
Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no cry.
3 *Countryman.* We 'll see the sports; then every man to 's tackle!
And, sweet companions, let 's rehearse by any means,
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,
And God knows what may come on 't.
4 *Countryman.* Content; the sports
Once ended, we 'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!
Arcite. By your leaves, honest friends; pray you, whither go you?
4 *Countryman.* Whither? why, what a question 's that!
Arcite. Yes, 't is a question
To me that know not.
3 *Countryman.* To the games, my friend.
2 *Countryman.* Where were you bred, you know it not?
Arcite. Not far, sir.
Are there such games to-day?
1 *Countryman.* Yes, marry, are there;
And such as you ne'er saw: the duke himself
Will be in person there.
Arcite. What pastimes are they?
2 *Countryman.* Wrestling and running. — 'T is a pretty fellow.
3 *Countryman.* Thou wilt not go along?
Arcite. Not yet, sir,
4 *Countryman.* Well, sir,
Take your own time.—Come, boys!
1 *Countryman.* My mind misgives me
This fellow has a vengeance trick o' the hip;
Mark, how his body 's made for 't!
2 *Countryman.* I 'll be hang'd though
If he dare venture; hang him, plum-porridge!
He wrestle? He roast eggs! Come, let 's be gone, lads.
[*Exeunt Countrymen.*

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Arcite. This is an offer'd opportunity
I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent; and run
Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,
Curling the wealthy ears, e'er flew. I 'll venture,
And in some poor disguise be there; who knows
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
And happiness prefer me to a place
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her? [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Athens. A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daughter. Why should I love this gentleman? 'T is odds
He never will affect me; I am base,
My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless,
To be his whore is witless. Out upon 't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to,
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him—
If he please to bestow it so—as ever
These eyes yet look'd on: next, I pitied him;
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead
To a young handsome man: then, I lov'd him!
Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him!
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!
And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
Was never gentleman; when I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first

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He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus:
'Fair gentle maid, good morrow! may thy goodness
Get thee a happy husband!' Once he kiss'd me;
I lov'd my lips the better ten days after:
Would he would do so every day! He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery.
What should I do, to make him know I love him?
For I would fain enjoy him: say I ventur'd
To set him free? what says the law then?
Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it,
And this night or to-morrow he shall love me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *An Open Place in Athens. A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, EMILIA; ARCITE, *disguised, wearing a garland; and* Countrymen.

Theseus. You have done worthily; I have not seen,
Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews.
Whate'er you are, you run the best and wrestle,
That these times can allow.
Arcite. I am proud to please you.
Theseus. What country bred you?
Arcite. This; but far off, prince.
Theseus. Are you a gentleman?
Arcite. My father said so,
And to those gentle uses gave me life.
Theseus. Are you his heir?
Arcite. His youngest, sir.
Theseus. Your father,
Sure, is a happy sire then. What proves you?
Arcite. A little of all noble qualities:
I could have kept a hawk, and well have halloo'd
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me

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Would say it was my best piece; last, and greatest,
I would be thought a soldier.
Theseus. You are perfect,
Pirithous. Upon my soul, a proper man!
Emilia. He is so.
Pirithous. How do you like him, lady?
Hippolyta. I admire him:
I have not seen so young a man so noble,
If he say true, of his sort.
Emilia. Believe,
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman;
His face methinks goes that way.
Hippolyta. But his body
And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.
Pirithous. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments!
Hippolyta. He 's well got, sure.
Theseus. What made you seek this place, sir?
Arcite. Noble Theseus,
To purchase name, and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
For only in thy court, of all the world,
Dwells fair-eyed Honour.
Pirithous. All his words are worthy.
Theseus. Sir, we are much indebted to your travail,
Nor shall you lose your wish.—Pirithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.
Pirithous. Thanks, Theseus.—
Whate'er you are, you 're mine; and I shall give you
To a most noble service,—to this lady,
This bright young virgin: pray observe her goodness.
You 've honour'd her fair birthday with your virtues,
And, as your due, you 're hers; kiss her fair hand, sir.
Arcite. Sir, you 're a noble giver.—Dearest beauty,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith! when your servant—

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Your most unworthy creature—but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.
Emilia. That were too cruel.
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see 't:
You 're mine; and somewhat better than your rank
I 'll use you.
Pirithous. I 'll see you furnish'd: and because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride; but 't is a rough one.
Arcite. I like him better, prince; I shall not then
Freeze in my saddle.
Theseus. Sweet, you must be ready—
And you, Emilia—and you, friend—and all—
To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance
To flowery May, in Dian's wood.—Wait well, sir,
Upon your mistress!—Emily, I hope
He shall not go afoot.
Emilia. That were a shame, sir,
While I have horses.—Take your choice; and what
You want at any time, let me but know it.
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You 'll find a loving mistress.
Arcite. If I do not,
Let me find that my father ever hated,—
Disgrace and blows!
Theseus. Go, lead the way; you've won it;
It shall be so; you shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 't were wrong else.—
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master;
But you are wise.
Emilia. I hope too wise for that, sir.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI. *Before the Prison.*

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daughter. Let all the dukes and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty! I 've ventur'd for him;
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence. I have sent him where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,
Till I provide him files and food, for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have endur'd cold iron than done it.
I love him beyond love and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety. I have made him know it:
I care not; I am desperate. If the law
Find me, and then condemn me for 't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose, is my way too; sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here!
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again: and yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly!
For use me so he shall, or I 'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I 'll presently

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Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a patch of ground I 'll venture,
So he be with me; by him, like a shadow,
I 'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoo-bub
Will be all o'er the prison; I am then
Kissing the man they look for.—Farewell, father!
Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him! [*Exit.*

THE PROPYLÆA AT ATHENS.

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What ignorant and mad-malicious traitors
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenour of my laws,
Are making battle? (iii. 6. 134).

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Forest. Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hallooing, as of People a-Maying.*

Enter ARCITE.

Arcite. The duke has lost Hippolyta; each took
A several laund. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To the heart of ceremony.—O queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden! yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,

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That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, O jewel
O' the wood, o' the world, hast likewise bless'd a place
With thy sole presence! In thy rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought!—Thrice blessed chance,
To drop on such a mistress, expectation
Most guiltless on 't! Tell me, O lady Fortune—
Next after Emily my sovereign—how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn,
The prim'st of all the year, presents me with
A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia! Me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, although free; but if
Thou knew'st my mistress breath'd on me, and that
I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, O coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

Enter PALAMON *out of a bush, with his shackles; he bends his fist at* ARCITE.

Palamon. Traitor kinsman!
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword! By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! O thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I 'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands

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Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,
And these house-clogs away—
Arcite. Dear cousin Palamon—
Palamon. Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast show'd me feat!
Arcite. Not finding in
The circuit of my breast any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 't is your passion
That thus mistakes; the which, to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me, and with them, fair coz,
I 'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleas'd
To show in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question 's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.
Palamon. That thou durst, Arcite!
Arcite. My coz, my coz, you have been well advertis'd
How much I dare; you 've seen me use my sword
Against the advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i' the sanctuary.
Palamon. Sir,
I 've seen you move in such a place, which well
Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: but the whole week 's not fair,
If any day it rain. Their valiant temper
Men lose when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.
Arcite. Kinsman, you might as well

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Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear which now disdains you.
Palamon. Come up to me!
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword,
Though it be rusty, and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life,
If then thou carry 't; and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.
Arcite. Be content;
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house.
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' the prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, 'Arcite,
I am in plight!' there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.
Palamon. O you heavens, dares any
So noble bear a guilty business? None
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.
Arcite. Sweet Palamon—
Palamon. I do embrace you, and your offer: for
Your offer do 't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on 't. [*Horns winded within.*
Arcite. You hear the horns;
Enter your musit, lest this match between 's
Be cross'd ere met. Give me your hand; farewell!
I 'll bring you every needful thing; I pray you
Take comfort, and be strong.

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Palamon. Pray hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow. Most certain
You love me not; be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language. By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff, my stomach
Not reconcil'd by reason!
Arcite. Plainly spoken!
Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
[*Horns winded again.*
In me have but one face.—Hark, sir! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet; you must guess
I have an office there.
Palamon. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is achiev'd.
Arcite. I 've a good title,
I am persuaded; this question, sick between 's,
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.
Palamon. But this one word:
You are going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For, note you, mine she is—
Arcite. Nay, then—
Palamon. Nay, pray you!—
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength:
You are going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on; there you have
A vantage o'er me; but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daughter. He has mistook the brake I meant, is gone
After his fancy. 'T is now well-nigh morning;
No matter! would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o' the world!—Hark! 't is a wolf;
In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one thing,
I care for nothing, and that 's Palamon.
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I halloo'd for him?
I cannot halloo; if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this livelong night; why may 't not be
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons,
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I 'll set it down
He 's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: so much for that!
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I then?
All 's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie,
My father 's to be hang'd for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens!—I am mop'd:
Food took I none these two days—
Sipp'd some water. I have not clos'd mine eyes,
Save when my lids scour'd off their brine. Alas,
Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself!
O state of nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp'd!—So! which way now?

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The best way is the next way to a grave;
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in; but the point is this,
An end, and that is all! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same Part of the Forest as in Scene I.*

Enter ARCITE, *with meat, wine, files, etc.*

Arcite. I should be near the place.—Ho, cousin Palamon!

Enter PALAMON.

Palamon. Arcite?

Arcite. The same; I 've brought you food and files.
Come forth, and fear not; here 's no Theseus.

Palamon. Nor none so honest, Arcite.

Arcite. That 's no matter;
We 'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
You shall not die thus beastly; here, sir, drink.
I know you 're faint; then I 'll talk further with you.

Palamon. Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.

Arcite. I might;
But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good now,
No more of these vain parleys! Let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health! [*Drinks.*

Palamon. Do.

Arcite. Pray, sit down then; and let me entreat you,
By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman! 't will disturb us;
We shall have time enough.

Palamon. Well, sir, I 'll pledge you. [*Drinks.*

Arcite. Drink a good hearty draught; it breeds good blood, man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?

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Palamon. Stay; I 'll tell you
After a draught or two more.
Arcite. Spare it not;
The duke has more, coz. Eat now.
Palamon. Yes.
Arcite. I am glad
You have so good a stomach.
Palamon. I am gladder
I have so good meat to 't.
Arcite. Is 't not mad lodging
Here in the wild woods, cousin?
Palamon. Yes, for them
That have wild consciences.
Arcite. How tastes your victuals?
Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.
Palamon. Not much;
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.
What is this?
Arcite. Venison.
Palamon. 'T is a lusty meat.
Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the wenches
We have known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;
Do you remember her?
Arcite. After you, coz.
Palamon. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.
Arcite. She did so; well, sir?
Palamon. And I have heard some call him Arcite; and—
Arcite. Out with it, faith!
Palamon. She met him in an arbour:
What did she there, coz? play o' the virginals?
Arcite. Something she did, sir.
Palamon. Made her groan a month for 't;
Or two, or three, or ten.
Arcite. The marshal's sister

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Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,
Else there be tales abroad; you 'll pledge her?
Palamon. Yes.
Arcite. A pretty brown wench 't is! There was a time
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—
Heigh-ho!
Palamon. For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,
That sigh was breath'd for Emily! Base cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?
Arcite. You are wide.
Palamon. By heaven and earth,
There 's nothing in thee honest!
Arcite. Then I 'll leave you;
You are a beast now.
Palamon. As thou mak'st me, traitor.
Arcite. There 's all things needful,—files, and shirts, and perfumes.
I 'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all.
Palamon. A sword and armour?
Arcite. Fear me not. You are now too foul; farewell!
Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought.
Palamon. Sirrah—
Arcite. I 'll hear no more! [*Exit.*
Palamon. If he keep touch, he dies for 't. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daughter. I 'm very cold; and all the stars are out too,
The little stars, and all that look like aglets:
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!
Alas, no; he 's in heaven!—Where am I now?—

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Yonder 's the sea, and there 's a ship; how 't tumbles!
And there 's a rock lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beats upon it! now, now, now!
There 's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry!
Run her before the wind, you 'll lose all else!
Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys!
Good night, good night; y' are gone!—I 'm very hungry:
Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell me
News from all parts o' the world; then would I make
A carack of a cockle-shell, and sail
By east and north-east to the King of Pigmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my father,
Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
To-morrow morning; I 'll say never a word.
[Sings] *For I 'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee;*
And I 'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine e'e.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
He 's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I 'll go seek him through the world that is so wide.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
O for a prick now, like a nightingale,
To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a top else. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter GERROLD, *four* Countrymen *as morris-dancers, another as the* Bavian, *five* Wenches, *and a* Taborer.

Gerrold. Fie, fie!
What tediosity and disensanity
Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, even the very plum-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,
And do you still cry 'where,' and 'how,' and 'wherefore?'
You most coarse frize capacities, ye jane judgments,

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Have I said 'thus let be,' and 'there let be,'
And 'then let be,' and no man understand me?
Proh Deum, medius fidius, ye are all dunces!
For why, here stand I; here the duke comes; there are you,
Close in the thicket; the duke appears, I meet him,
And unto him I utter learned things,
And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums,
And then cries 'rare!' and I go forward; at length
I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,
Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
Cast yourselves in a body decently,
And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys!

1 *Countryman.* And sweetly we will do it, master Gerrold.

2 *Countryman.* Draw up the company. Where 's the taborer?

3 *Countryman.* Why, Timothy!

Taborer. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!

Gerrold. But I say, where 's their women?

4 *Countryman.* Here 's Friz and Maudlin.

2 *Countryman.* And little Luce with the white legs, and bouncing Barbary.

1 *Countryman.* And freckled Nell, that never failed her master.

Gerrold. Where be your ribands, maids? Swim with your bodies,
And carry it sweetly and deliverly;
And now and then a favour and a frisk!

Nell. Let us alone, sir.

Gerrold. Where 's the rest o' the music?

3 *Countryman.* Dispers'd as you commanded.

Gerrold. Couple, then,
And see what 's wanting. Where 's the Bavian?—
My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure

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You tumble with audacity and manhood;
And when you bark, do it with judgment.
Bavian. Yes, sir.
Gerrold. Quousque tandem? Here is a woman wanting!
4 *Countryman.* We may go whistle; all the fat 's i' the fire!
Gerrold. We have,
As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile;
We have been fatuus, and labour'd vainly.
2 *Countryman.* This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding,
That gave her promise faithfully she would
Be here, Cicely the sempster's daughter!
The next gloves that I give her shall be dog-skin;
Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,
She swore, by wine and bread, she would not break.
Gerrold. An eel and woman,
A learned poet says, unless by the tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
In manners this was false position.
1 *Countryman.* A fire-ill take her? does she flinch now?
3 *Countryman.* What
Shall we determine, sir?
Gerrold. Nothing;
Our business is become a nullity.
Yea, and a woeful and a piteous nullity,
4 *Countryman.* Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampal!
Go thy ways; I 'll remember thee, I 'll fit thee!

Enter Gaoler's Daughter, *and sings.*

The George alow came from the south,
From the coast of Barbary-a;
And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three a.

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Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!
And whither now are you bound-a?
O, let me have your company
Till I come to the Sound-a!
There was three fools fell out about an howlet;
The one said it was an owl,
The other he said nay,
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

3 *Countryman.* There 's a dainty mad woman, master,
Comes i' the nick,—as mad as a March hare!
If we can get her dance, we are made again;
I warrant her she 'll do the rarest gambols!
1 *Countryman.* A mad woman! We are made, boys.
Gerrold. And are you mad, good woman?
Daughter. I 'd be sorry else;
Give me your hand.
Gerrold. Why?
Daughter. I can tell your fortune:
You are a fool. Tell ten. I have pos'd him. Buz!
Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,
Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
I know you; you 're a tinker: sirrah tinker—
Gerrold. Dii boni!
A tinker, damsel?
Daughter. Or a conjurer:
Raise me a devil now, and let him play
'Qui passa' o' the bells and bones!
Gerrold. Go, take her,
And fluently persuade her to a peace.
Et opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis—
Strike up, and lead her in.
2 *Countryman.* Come, lass, let 's trip it!
Daughter. I 'll lead.
3 *Countryman.* Do, do. [*Wind horns.*

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Gerrold. Persuasively and cunningly; away, boys!
I hear the horns; give me some meditation,
And mark your cue.— [*Exeunt all but Gerrold.*
Pallas inspire me!

Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE, *and train.*

Theseus. This way the stag took.
Gerrold. Stay, and edify!
Theseus. What have we here?
Pirithous. Some country sport, upon my life, sir.
Theseus. Well, sir, go forward; we will edify.—
Ladies, sit down! we 'll stay it.
Gerrold. Thou doughty duke, all hail!—All hail, sweet ladies!
Theseus. This is a cold beginning.
Gerrold. If you but favour, our country pastime made is.
We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
And to say verity, and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or else a rable,
Or company, or, by a figure, choris,
That fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
And I, that am the rectifier of all,
By title Pedagogus, that let fall
The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine, or this frame;
And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From Dis to Dædalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer,
And with thy twinkling eyes look right and straight
Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight—
—*is* now comes in, which being glued together
Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither,

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The body of our sport, of no small study.
I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
To speak, before thy noble grace, this tenour;
At whose great feet I offer up my penner.
The next, the Lord of May and Lady bright,
The Chambermaid and Servingman, by night
That seek out silent hanging; then mine host
And his fat spouse, that welcomes to their cost
The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning
Informs the tapster to inflame the reck'ning;
Then the beast-eating Clown, and next the Fool,
The Bavian, with long tail and eke long tool;
Cum multis aliis that make a dance:
Say ay, and all shall presently advance.

Theseus. Ay, ay, by any means, dear domine!

Pirithous. Produce.

Gerrold. Intrate, filii! Come forth, and foot it.

Enter the four Countrymen, *the* Bavian, *the* Taborer, *the* five Wenches *and the* Gaoler's Daughter, *with others of both sexes. They dance a morris. After which* GERROLD *speaks the Epilogue.*

Ladies, if we have been merry,
And have pleas'd ye with a derry,
And a derry, and a down,
Say the schoolmaster's no clown.—
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,
And have done as good boys should do,
Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We 'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Theseus. Take twenty, domine. — How does my sweetheart?

Hippolyta. Never so pleas'd, sir.

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Emilia. 'T was an excellent dance; and, for a preface,
I never heard a better.
Theseus. Schoolmaster, I thank you.—
One see 'em all rewarded.
Pirithous. And here 's something
To paint your pole withal. [*Gives money.*
Theseus. Now to our sports again!
Gerrold. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong!
May they kill him without lets,
And the ladies eat his doucets!—
Come, we are all made!—Dii Deaeque omnes! [*Wind horns.*
Ye have danc'd rarely, wenches! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same Part of the Forest as in Scene III.*
Enter PALAMON *from the bush.*

Palamon. About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords and two good armours; if he fail,
He 's neither man nor soldier. When he left me,
I did not think a week could have restor'd
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fallen with my wants; I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou art yet a fair foe, and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier. Therefore this blest morning
Shall be the last, and that sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with; 't is justice:
So, love and fortune for me!—O, good morrow!

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Enter ARCITE, *with armours and swords.*

Arcite. Good morrow, noble kinsman!
Palamon. I have put you
To too much pains, sir.
Arcite. That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.
Palamon. Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish ye
As kind a kinsman as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank ye, not my blows.
Arcite. I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.
Palamon. Then I shall quit you.
Arcite. Defy me in these fair terms, and you shew
More than a mistress to me; no more anger,
As you love any thing that 's honourable!
We were not bred to talk, man; when we are arm'd,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us!
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains—without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,
Fitter for girls and schoolboys—will be seen,
And quickly, yours or mine. Will 't please you arm, sir?
Or if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
And furnish'd with your old strength, I 'll stay, cousin,
And every day discourse you into health,
As I am spar'd: your person I am friends with,
And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her,
Though I had died; but, loving such a lady,
And justifying my love, I must not fly from 't.
Palamon. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
That no man but thy cousin 's fit to kill thee.
I 'm well and lusty; choose your arms.

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Arcite. Choose you, sir.
Palamon. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?
Arcite. If you think so, cousin,
You are deceiv'd; for, as I am a soldier,
I will not spare you!
Palamon. That 's well said.
Arcite. You 'll find it.
Palamon. Then, as I am an honest man, and love
With all the justice of affection,
I 'll pay thee soundly! This I 'll take.
Arcite. That 's mine then;
I 'll arm you first. [*Proceeds to arm Palamon.*
Palamon. Do. Pray thee, tell me, cousin,
Where gott 'st thou this good armour?
Arcite. 'T is the duke's;
And, to say true, I stole it.—Do I pinch you?
Palamon. No.
Arcite. Is 't not too heavy?
Palamon. I have worn a lighter;
But I shall make it serve.
Arcite. I 'll buckle 't close.
Palamon. By any means.
Arcite. You care not for a grand-guard?
Palamon. No, no; we 'll use no horses; I perceive
You 'd fain be at that fight.
Arcite. I am indifferent.
Palamon. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
Through far enough.
Arcite. I warrant you.
Palamon. My casque now.
Arcite. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Palamon. We shall be the nimbler.
Arcite. But use your gauntlets though: those are o' the least;
Prithee take mine, good cousin.

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Palamon. Thank you, Arcite.
How do I look? am I fallen much away?
Arcite. Faith, very little; love has us'd you kindly.
Palamon. I 'll warrant thee I 'll strike home.
Arcite. Do, and spare not!
I 'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
Palamon [*arming Arcite*]. Now to you, sir.
Methinks this armour 's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
Arcite. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you outdid me, cousin.
I never saw such valour; when you charg'd
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.
Palamon. You had indeed;
A bright bay, I remember.
Arcite. Yes. But all
Was vainly labour'd in me; you outwent me,
Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little
I did by imitation.
Palamon. More by virtue;
You are modest, cousin.
Arcite. When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.
Palamon. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little!
Is not this piece too strait?
Arcite. No, no; 't is well.
Palamon. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
A bruise would be dishonour.
Arcite. Now I am perfect.
Palamon. Stand off then!
Arcite. Take my sword; I hold it better.

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Palamon. I thank ye, no; keep it, your life lies on it.
Here 's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me!
Arcite. And me my love! Is there aught else to say?
[*They bow several ways; then advance and stand.*
Palamon. This only, and no more: thou art mine aunt's son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
In me thine, and in thee mine: my sword
Is in my hand, and, if thou killest me,
The gods and I forgive thee. If there be
A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honour,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it.
Fight bravely, cousin; give me thy noble hand.
Arcite. Here, Palamon; this hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.
Palamon. I commend thee.
Arcite. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
For none but such dare die in these just trials.
Once more farewell, my cousin!
Palamon. Farewell, Arcite!
[*They fight. Horns within; they stand.*
Arcite. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us!
Palamon. Why?
Arcite. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you;
If we be found, we are wretched. O, retire,
For honour's sake and safety, presently
Into your bush again, sir! We shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen, you perish instantly,
For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.
Palamon. No, no, cousin;
I will no more be hidden, nor put off

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This great adventure to a second trial.
I know your cunning, and I know your cause.
He that faints now, shame take him! Put thyself
Upon thy present guard—
Arcite. You are not mad?
Palamon. Or I will make the advantage of this hour
Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me,
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia; and in that I 'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else.
Arcite. Then come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die, as discourse or sleep; only this fears me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life!
Palamon. Look to thine own well, Arcite!
[*They fight again. Horns.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, *and train.*

Theseus. What ignorant and mad-malicious traitors
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenour of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die!
Palamon. Hold thy word, Theseus!
We are certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Think well what that deserves! and this is Arcite;
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seem'd friend: this is the man
Was begg'd and banish'd; this is he contemns thee,
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against thine own edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia—

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Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to, justly
I am—and, which is more, dares think her his!
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer. If thou beest,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say, 'Fight again!' and thou shalt see me, Theseus,
Do such a justice thou thyself wilt envy:
Then take my life! I 'll woo thee to 't.
Pirithous. O heaven,
What more than man is this!
Theseus. I 've sworn.
Arcite. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus! 'T is to me
A thing as soon to die as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: if in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty—
As I love most, and in that faith will perish,
As I have brought my life here to confirm it,
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this cousin that denies it—
So let me be most traitor, and ye please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her? and if she say traitor,
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.
Palamon. Thou shalt have pity of us both, O Theseus,
If unto neither thou show mercy; stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
Let 's die together, at one instant, duke!
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.

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Theseus. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
Being no more than his.—None here speak for 'em!
For ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.
Hippolyta. Alas, the pity! now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied; that face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after ages
For these lost cousins.
Emilia. In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em:
Yet that I will be woman and have pity,
My knees shall grow to the ground but I 'll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister! in a deed so virtuous
The powers of all women will be with us.—
Most royal brother—
Hippolyta. Sir, by our tie of marriage—
Emilia. By your own spotless honour—
Hippolyta. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me—
Emilia. By that you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite—
Hippolyta. By valour,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you—
Theseus. These are strange conjurings!
Pirithous. Nay, then, I 'll in too!—
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most,—wars, and this sweet lady—
Emilia. By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing maid—
Hippolyta. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus—
Pirithous. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first!

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Hippolyta. Next hear my prayers!
Emilia. Last, let me entreat, sir!
Pirithous. For mercy!
Hippolyta. Mercy!
Emilia. Mercy on these princes!
Theseus. Ye make my faith reel; say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?
Emilia. Upon their lives; but with their banishments.
Theseus. You are a right woman, sister! you have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment. Can these two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
They'd fight about you, hourly bring your honour
In public question with their swords. Be wise then,
And here forget 'em; it concerns your credit,
And my oath equally: I have said, they die!
Better they fall by the law than one another.
Bow not my honour.
Emilia. O my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold it: if such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I 'm sure more love;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.
Theseus. What is it, sister?
Pirithous. Urge it home, brave lady!
Emilia. That you would ne'er deny me anything
Fit for my modest suit and your free granting.
I tie you to your word now; if ye fail in 't,
Think how you maim your honour;
For now I am set a-begging, sir, I am deaf
To all but your compassion. How their lives

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Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion!
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom; do men proin
The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossoms,
Because they may be rotten? O duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
And all the longing maids that ever lov'd,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And, in their funeral songs for these two cousins,
Despise my cruelty and cry woe worth me,
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women.
For heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em!
Theseus. On what conditions?
Emilia. Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.
Palamon. I 'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
O all ye gods, despise me then! Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords and cause along; else never trifle,
But take our lives, duke! I must love, and will;
And for that love must and dare kill this cousin,
On any piece the earth has.
Theseus. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?
Palamon. He 's a villain then!
Pirithous. These are men!
Arcite. No, never, duke; 't is worse to me than begging,
To take my life so basely. Though I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I 'll preserve
The honour of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil.

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Theseus. What may be done? for now I feel compassion.
Pirithous. Let it not fall again, sir!
Theseus. Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you. They are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet spoke of: look upon 'em,
And if you can love, end this difference;
I give consent.—Are you content, too, princes?
Both. With all our souls.
Theseus. He that she refuses
Must die then.
Both. Any death thou canst invent, duke.
Palamon. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.
Arcite. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And soldiers sing my epitaph.
Theseus. Make choice then.
Emilia, I cannot, sir; they are both too excellent:
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.
Hippolyta. What will become of 'em?
Theseus. Thus I ordain it;
And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
Or both shall die!—You shall both to your country;
And each, within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I 'll plant a pyramid: and whether,
Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
He shall enjoy her; the other lose his head,
And all his friends; nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady.
Will this content ye?
Palamon. Yes.—Here, cousin Arcite,
I am friends again till that hour.

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Arcite. I embrace ye.
Theseus. Are you content, sister?
Emilia. Yes; I must, sir,
Else both miscarry.
Theseus. Come, shake hands again then;
And take heed, as you are gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course.
Palamon. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.
Theseus. Come, I 'll give ye
Now usage like to princes and to friends.
When ye return, who wins, I 'll settle here;
Who loses, yet I 'll weep upon his bier. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Athens. A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Gaoler *and* First Friend.

Gaoler. Hear you no more? Was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good sir, remember!

1 *Friend.* Nothing that I heard;

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For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons; for Hippolyta
And fair-eyed Emily upon their knees
Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
His rash oath or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble prince Pirithous,
Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: neither heard I one question
Of your name or his scape.

Gaoler. Pray heaven, it hold so!

Enter Second Friend.

2 *Friend.* Be of good comfort, man! I bring you news,
Good news.

Gaoler. They 're welcome.

2 *Friend.* Palamon has clear'd you
And got your pardon, and discover'd how
And by whose means he scap'd, which was your daughter's,
Whose pardon is procur'd too; and the prisoner—
Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness—
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I 'll assure you.

Gaoler. Ye 're a good man
And ever bring good news.

1 *Friend.* How was it ended?

2 *Friend.* Why, as it should be; they that never begg'd
But they prevail'd had their suits fairly granted;
The prisoners have their lives.

1 *Friend.* I knew 't would be so.

2 *Friend.* But there be new conditions, which you 'll hear of
At better time.

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Gaoler. I hope they are good.
2 Friend. They 're honourable;
How good they 'll prove, I know not.
1 Friend. 'T will be known.

Enter Wooer.

Wooer. Alas, sir, where 's your daughter?
Gaoler. Why do you ask?
Wooer. O, sir, when did you see her?
2 Friend. How he looks!
Gaoler. This morning.
Wooer. Was she well? was she in health, sir?
Where did she sleep?
1 Friend. These are strange questions.
Gaoler. I do not think she was very well; for, now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An innocent; and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?
Wooer. Nothing but my pity;
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.
Gaoler. Well, sir?
1 Friend. Not right?
2 Friend. Not well?
Wooer. No, sir, not well;
'T is too true, she is mad.
1 Friend. It cannot be.
Wooer. Believe, you 'll find it so.
Gaoler. I half suspected
What you have told me; the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape,
Or both.

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Wooer. 'T is likely.
Gaoler. But why all this haste, sir?
Wooer. I 'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
From the far shore, thick-set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one, and attentive
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
'T was one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompass'd it. I laid me down,
And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your daughter.
Gaoler. Pray go on, sir!
Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
Repeat this often: 'Palamon is gone,
Is gone to the wood to gather mulberries;
I 'll find him out to-morrow.'
1 *Friend.* Pretty soul!
Wooer. 'His shackles will betray him, he 'll be taken;
And what shall I do then? I 'll bring a bevy,
A hundred black-eyed maids that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads of daffodillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,
And all we 'll dance an antic fore the duke,
And beg his pardon.' Then she talk'd of you, sir;
That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome. Then she sung
Nothing but 'Willow, willow, willow;' and between
Ever was, 'Palamon, fair Palamon!'
And 'Palamon was a tall young man!' The place

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Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses
A wreath of bulrush rounded; about her stuck
Thousand fresh water-flowers of several colours;
That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt down from heaven. Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies,—'Thus our true love 's tied,'
'This you may lose, not me,' and many a one;
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smil'd and kiss'd her hand.

2 *Friend.* Alas, what pity 't is!

Wooer. I made in to her;
She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I sav'd her,
And set her safe to land; when presently
She slipt away, and to the city made
With such a cry and swiftness that, believe me,
She left me far behind her. Three or four
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her,
And hither came to tell you. Here they are!

Enter Gaoler's Brother, Daughter, *and others.*

Daughter. [Sings] *May you never more enjoy the light,* etc.
Is not this a fine song?

Brother. O, a very fine one!

Daughter. I can sing twenty more.

Brother. I think you can.

Daughter. Yes, truly can I; I can sing 'The Broom,'
And 'Bonny Robin.' Are not you a tailor?

Brother. Yes.

Daughter. Where 's my wedding-gown?

Brother. I 'll bring it to-morrow.

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Daughter. Do, very rarely; I must be abroad else,
To call the maids, and pay the minstrels.
[Sings] *O fair, O sweet*, etc.
Brother. You must even take it patiently.
Gaoler. 'T is true.
Daughter. Good even, good men! Pray did you ever hear
Of one young Palamon?
Gaoler. Yes, wench, we know him.
Daughter. Is 't not a fine young gentleman?
Gaoler. 'T is love!
Brother. By no means cross her; she is then distemper'd
Far worse than now she shews.
1 *Friend.* Yes, he 's a fine man.
Daughter. O, is he so? You have a sister?
1 *Friend.* Yes.
Daughter. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For a trick that I know; y' had best look to her,
For if she see him once, she 's gone, she 's done
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him; but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone: is 't not a wise course?
1 *Friend.* Yes.
Daughter. They come from all parts of the dukedom to him;
I 'll warrant ye—
Gaoler. She 's lost,
Past all cure!
Brother. Heaven forbid, man!
Daughter. Come hither; you 're a wise man.
1 *Friend.* Does she know him?
2 *Friend.* No; would she did!
Daughter. You 're master of a ship?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daughter. Where 's your compass?

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Gaoler. Here.
Daughter. Set it to the north;
And now direct your course to the wood, where Palamon
Lies longing for me; for the tackling
Let me alone: come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly!
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 't is up, the wind is fair;
Top the bowling; out with the mainsail!
Where 's your whistle, master?
Brother. Let 's get her in.
Gaoler. Up to the top, boy!
Brother. Where 's the pilot?
1 *Friend.* Here.
Daughter. What kenn'st thou?
2 *Friend.* A fair wood.
Daughter. Bear for it, master; tack about!
[Sings] *When Cynthia with her borrow'd light*, etc. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Athens. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter EMILIA, *with two pictures.*

Emilia. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else. I 'll choose,
And end their strife; two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me: their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good heaven,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man. What an eye,
Of what a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! here Love himself sits smiling;
Just such another wanton Ganymede

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Set Jove afire with, and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him,
A shining constellation. What a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter,
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and Honour,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing
To all the under-world the loves and fights
Of gods and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow;
He 's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile.—
Yet these that we count errors, may become him;
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
O, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me;
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly
That women ought to beat me.—On my knees
I ask thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and these the eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten Love, and what young maid dare cross 'em?
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! O Love, this only
From this hour is complexion. Lie there, Arcite!
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body.—I am sotted,
Utterly lost! my virgin's faith has fled me!
For if my brother but e'en now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.—
Stand both together!—Now come, ask me, brother;—

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Alas, I know not!—Ask me now, sweet sister;—
I may go look!—What a mere child is fancy,
That, having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!—

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, sir?

Gentleman. From the noble duke your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: the knights are come!

Emilia. To end the quarrel?

Gentleman. Yes.

Emilia. Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
With blood of princes? and my chastity
Be made the altar where the lives of lovers—
Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers joy—must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, *and* Attendants.

Theseus. Bring 'em in
Quickly, by any means! I long to see 'em.—
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights; now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.

Emilia. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Theseus. Who saw 'em?

Pirithous. I a while.

Gentleman. And I.

Enter Messenger.

Theseus. From whence come you, sir?

Messenger. From the knights.

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Theseus. Pray speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.
Messenger. I will, sir,
And truly what I think. Six braver spirits
Than these they have brought—if we judge by the outside—
I never saw nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince,—
His very looks so say him; his complexion
Nearer a brown than black; stern, and yet noble,
Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;
The circles of his eyes show fire within him,
And as a heated lion, so he looks;
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like ravens' wings; his shoulders broad and strong;
Arm'd long and round: and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns
To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.
Theseus. Thou hast well describ'd him.
Pirithous. Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that 's first with Palamon.
Theseus. Pray speak him, friend.
Pirithous. I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in 't.
He 's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is, as a ripe grape, ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own; in 's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
And when he 's angry, then a settled valour,
Not tainted with extremes, runs through his body,
And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,

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He shows no such soft temper. His head 's yellow,
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like ivy-tods,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;
And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
As if she ever meant to crown his valour;
His nose stands high, a character of honour;
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.—
Emilia. Must these men die too?
Pirithous. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean;
He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
His age some five-and-twenty.
Messenger. There 's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never look'd on.
Pirithous. O, he that 's freckle-fac'd?
Messenger. The same, my lord;
Are they not sweet ones?
Pirithous. Yes, they 're well.
Messenger. Methinks,
Being so few and well dispos'd, they show
Great and fine art in nature. He 's white-hair'd,
Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
Next to an auburn; tough, and nimble-set,
Which shews an active soul; his arms are brawny,
Lin'd with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
Gently they swell, like women new-conceiv'd,
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
But, when he stirs, a tiger; he 's grey-eyed,
Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp

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To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em
He 's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he 's round-fac'd, and when he smiles
He shows a lover, when he frowns a soldier.
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
His age, some six-and-thirty. In his hand
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.
Theseus. Are they all thus?
Pirithous. They 're all the sons of honour.
Theseus. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em!—
Lady, you shall see men fight now.
Hippolyta. I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord: they would shew
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms;
'T is pity love should be so tyrannous.—
O, my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench! it must be.
Theseus. You have steel'd 'em with your beauty.—Honour'd friend,
To you I give the field; pray order it
Fitting the persons that must use it!
Pirithous. Yes, sir.
Theseus. Come, I 'll go visit 'em; I cannot stay—
Their fame has fir'd me so—till they appear.
Good friend, be royal!
Pirithous. There shall want no bravery.
Emilia. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Athens. A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Gaoler, Wooer, *and* Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon than at other some, is it not?

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Gaoler. She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world, and a better; and what broken piece of matter soe'er she 's about, the name Palamon lards it; that she farces every business withal, fits it to every question.—Look, where she comes! you shall perceive her behaviour.

Enter Daughter.

Daughter. I have forgot it quite; the burden on 't was 'down-a down-a;' and penned by no worse man than Geraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: he 's as fantastical, too, as ever he may go upon 's legs; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What stuff 's here! poor soul!

Gaoler. Even thus all day long.

Daughter. Now for this charm, that I told you of: you must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry; then if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits are—there 's a sight now!—we maids that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him—mark me—then—

Doctor. How prettily she 's amiss! note her a little further.

Daughter. Faith, I 'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break, we of the blessed. Alas, 't is a sore life they have i' the other place, such burning, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing! O, they have shrewd measure! Take heed: if one be mad, or hang or drown themselves, thither they go, Jupiter bless us! and there shall they be put in a cauldron of lead and usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cutpurses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'T is not an engraffed madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

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Daughter. To hear there a proud lady and a proud city-wife howl together! I were a beast, an I 'd call it good sport!

[Sings] *I will be true, my stars, my fate,* etc. [*Exit Daughter.*

Gaoler. What think you of her, sir?

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to.

Gaoler. Alas, what then? 44

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon?

Gaoler. I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too; and would account I had a great pen'worth on 't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distempered the other senses; they may return, and settle again to execute their preordained faculties; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you, young sir, her friend, the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love; this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon; other objects, that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskings of her madness. Sing to her such green songs of love as she says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours which are grateful to the sense: all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing. Desire to eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; learn what maids have been her companions and play-feres; and let them repair to her with

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Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what is now out of square in her into their former law and regiment. I have seen it approved, how many times I know not; but to make the number more, I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution, and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Exeunt.*

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THE DEATH OF ARCITE.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens. An Open Space before the Temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana.*

Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, *and* Attendants.

Theseus. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers! Let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us! Let no due be wanting!

[*Flourish of cornets.*

They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.

Enter PALAMON, ARCITE, *and their* Knights.

Pirithous. Sir, they enter.

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Theseus. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow the nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers,
The all-fear'd gods, bow down your stubborn bodies.
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And as the gods regard ye, fight with justice!
I 'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Pirithous. Honour crown the worthiest!

[*Exeunt Theseus and train.*

Palamon. The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: think you but thus,—
That, were there aught in me which strove to shew
Mine enemy in this business, were 't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy the offender; coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself: then from this gather
How I should tender you.

Arcite. I am in labour
To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory; and i' the self-same place
To seat something I would confound: so hoist we
The sails that must these vessels port even where
The heavenly Limiter pleases!

Palamon. You speak well.
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin. [*They embrace.*
This I shall never do again.

Arcite. One farewell!

Palamon. Why, let it be so; farewell, coz!

Arcite. Farewell, sir!—

[*Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.*

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you

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Expels the seeds of fear, and the apprehension
Which still is father of it, go with me
Before the god of our profession. There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too;
Yea, the speed also,—to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails. You know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood; force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flowers. Our intercession, then,
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron
Brimm'd with the blood of men; give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him.—

[*They advance to the altar of Mars, and fall on their faces; then kneel.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me, thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styl'd the lord o' the day. Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure.

[*Here they fall on their faces as before, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the altar.*

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood

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The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' the plurisy of people, I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly!—Let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PALAMON *and his* Knights.

Palamon. Our stars must glister with new fires, or be
To-day extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard. To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party!—

[*Here they advance to the altar of Venus, and fall on their faces; then kneel.*

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets! who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
And weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum,
And turn the alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale gravity to dance; the polled bachelor,
Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have skipt thy flame, at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him; the huntress,
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away and sigh. Take to thy grace
Me thy vow'd soldier, who do bear thy yoke

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As 't were a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles. I
Have never been foul-mouth'd against thy law,
Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none,—would not,
Had I kenn'd all that were; I never practis'd
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
At simpering sirs that did; I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd them
If they had mothers. I had one, a woman,
And women 't were they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eighty winters—this I told them—who
A lass of fourteen brided. 'T was thy power
To put life into dust; the aged cramp
Had screw'd his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture. This anatomy
Had by his young fair fere a boy, and I
Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief, I am
To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier;
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer;
Yea, him I do not love that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language: such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. O, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure!

[*Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter; they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

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O thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chase is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token, which, being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business!—Let us rise
And bow before the goddess; time comes on.
[*They bow, then exeunt.*

Still music of records. Enter EMILIA *in white, her hair about her shoulders, and wearing a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the altar of Diana, her Maids standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curtsy and kneel.*

Emilia. O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe, I here, thy priest,
Am humbled fore thine altar! O, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye—which never yet
Beheld thing maculate—look on thy virgin!
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear—
Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er enter'd wanton sound—to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear! This is my last
Of vestal office; I 'm bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted; a husband I have pointed,
But do not know him; out of two I should
Choose one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election; of mine eyes,
Were I to lose one—they are equal precious—

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I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
Go to 't unsentenc'd: therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me
And has the truest title in 't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band.—

[*Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances! But one rose!
If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin flower,
Must grow alone, unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree, which vanishes under the altar.*

The flower is fallen, the tree descends!—O mistress,
Thou here dischargest me! I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery!—I hope she 's pleas'd;
Her signs were gracious. [*They curtsy, and exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Doctor, Gaoler, *and* Wooer *in the habit of* PALAMON.

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?

Wooer. O, very much: the maids that kept her company
Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon;
Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
And ask'd me what I 'd eat, and when I 'd kiss her.
I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

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Doctor. 'T was well done; twenty times had been far better,
For there the cure lies mainly.
Wooer. Then she told me
She would watch with me to-night, for well she knew
What hour my fit would take me.
Doctor. Let her do so.
Wooer. She would have me sing.
Doctor. You did so?
Wooer. No.
Doctor. 'T was very ill done, then;
You should observe her every way.
Wooer. Alas!
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.
Doctor. That 's all one, if ye make a noise;
If she entreat again, do any thing;
Lie with her, if she ask you.
Gaoler. Ho there, doctor!
Doctor. Yes, in the way of cure.
Gaoler. But first, by your leave,
I' the way of honesty.
Doctor. That 's but a niceness;
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty.
Cure her first this way; then, if she 'll be honest,
She has the path before her.
Gaoler. Thank you, doctor.
Doctor. Pray, bring her in,
And let 's see how she is.
Gaoler. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her; but, doctor,
Methinks you are i' the wrong still. [*Exit.*
Doctor. Go, go;
You fathers are fine fools: her honesty!
An we should give her physic till we find that—
Wooer. Why, do you think she is not honest, sir?

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Doctor. How old is she?
Wooer. She 's eighteen.
Doctor. She may be;
But that 's all one, 't is nothing to our purpose.
Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh—you have me?
Wooer. Yes, very well, sir.

Enter Gaoler, Daughter, *and* Maid.

Gaoler. Come; your love Palamon stays for you, child;
And has done this long hour, to visit you.
Daughter. I thank him for his gentle patience;
He 's a kind gentleman, and I am much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daughter. How do you like him?
Gaoler. He 's a very fair one.
Daughter. You never saw him dance?
Gaoler. No.
Daughter. I have often:
He dances very finely, very comely;
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him!
He turns ye like a top.
Gaoler. That 's fine indeed.
Daughter. He 'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,—
And that will founder the best hobby-horse,
If I have any skill, in all the parish,—
And gallops to the tune of 'Light o' Love;'
What think you of this horse?
Gaoler. Having these virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
Daughter. Alas, that 's nothing!
Gaoler. Can he write and read too?
Daughter. A very fair hand, and casts himself the accounts

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Of all his hay and provender; that hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
The chestnut mare the duke has?
Gaoler. Very well.
Daughter. She is horribly in love with him, poor beast;
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.
Gaoler. What dowry has she?
Daughter. Some two hundred bottles,
And twenty strike of oats: but he 'll ne'er have her;
He lisps in 's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare; he 'll be the death of her.
Doctor. What stuff she utters!
Gaoler. Make curtsy; here your lover comes.
Wooer. Pretty soul,
How do ye? That 's a fine maid! there 's a curtsy!
Daughter. Yours to command, i' the way of honesty.
How far is 't now to the end o' the world, my masters?
Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.
Daughter. Will you go with me?
Wooer. What shall we do there, wench?
Daughter. Why, play at stool-ball.
What is there else to do?
Wooer. I am content,
If we shall keep our wedding there.
Daughter. 'T is true;
For there, I will assure you, we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice and foolish;
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
And that would be a blot i' the business.
Are not you Palamon?
Wooer. Do not you know me?
Daughter. Yes; but you care not for me; I have nothing
But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks.

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Wooer. That 's all one; I will have you.
Daughter. Will you surely?
Wooer. Yes, by this fair hand, will I.
Daughter. We 'll to bed then.
Wooer. Even when you will. [*Kisses her.*
Daughter. O, sir, you 'd fain be nibbling!
Wooer. Why do you rub my kiss off?
Daughter. 'T is a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely against the wedding.—
Is not this your cousin Arcite?
Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.
Daughter. Do you think he 'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daughter. Do you think so too?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daughter. We shall have many children. — Lord, how y' are grown!
My Palamon I hope will grow too, finely,
Now he 's at liberty; alas, poor chicken!
He was kept down with hard meat and ill lodging,
But I will kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. What do you here? you 'll lose the noblest sight
That e'er was seen.
Gaoler. Are they i' the field?
Messenger. They are;
You bear a charge there too.
Gaoler. I 'll away straight.—
I must even leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, we 'll go with you;
I will not lose the sight.

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Gaoler. How did you like her?
Doctor. I 'll warrant you, within these three or four days
I 'll make her right again.—You must not from her,
But still preserve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doctor. Let 's get her in.
Wooer. Come, sweet, we 'll go to dinner;
And then we 'll play at cards. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Part of the Forest, near the Place of Combat.*
Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, *and* Attendants.

Emilia. I 'll no step further.
Pirithous. Will you lose this sight?
Emilia. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly
Than this decision: every blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell than blade. I will stay here,—
It is enough my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen, 'gainst the which there is
No deafing but to hear,—not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.
Pirithous. Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.
Theseus. O, she must!
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,
Which sometime show well, pencill'd; nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye and ear.—You must be present;
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
To crown the question's title.
Emilia. Pardon me;
If I were there, I 'd wink.

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Theseus. You must be there;
This trial is as 't were i' the night, and you
The only star to shine.
Emilia. I am extinct;
There is but envy in that light which shews
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd
Of many mortal millions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both,
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murther
Set off whereto she 's guilty.
Hippolyta. You must go.
Emilia. In faith, I will not.
Theseus. Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye; know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.
Emilia. Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.
Theseus. Well, well, then, at your pleasure!
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.
Hippolyta. Farewell, sister!
I am like to know your husband fore yourself,
By some small start of time; he whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot!

[*Exeunt all except Emilia and some of the Attendants.*

Emilia. Arcite is gently visag'd, yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow

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Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on:
Yet sometimes 't is not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object. Melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth:
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness merry; those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling.—
[*Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge.*
Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to
The spoiling of his figure. O, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better
[*Cornets. Cry within,* 'A Palamon!'
I am not there; O, better never born
Than minister to such harm!—What is the chance?
Servant. The cry 's 'A Palamon.'
Emilia. Then he has won. 'T was ever likely;
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men. I prithee run,
And tell me how it goes.
[*Shout, and cornets; cry,* 'A Palamon!'
Servant. Still 'Palamon.'
Emilia. Run and inquire.—[*Exit Servant.*] Poor servant, thou hast lost!
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;
I had no end in 't else; chance would have it so.
[*Another cry and shout within, and cornets.*

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On the sinister side the heart lies; Palamon
Had the best-boding chance. This burst of clamour
Is, sure, the end o' the combat.

Re-enter Servant.

Servant. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' the pyramid, that the cry
Was general 'A Palamon;' but anon
The assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emilia. Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one—O, why, there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a man! Their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,
[*Cornets. Cry within,* 'Arcite, Arcite!'
To any lady breathing.—More exulting!
'Palamon' still?

Servant. Nay, now the sound is 'Arcite.'

Emilia. I prithee lay attention to the cry;
[*Cornets. A great shout and cry,* 'Arcite, victory!'
Set both thine ears to the business.

Servant. The cry is
'Arcite and victory!' Hark! 'Arcite, victory!'
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.

Emilia. Half-sights saw
That Arcite was no babe; God's lid, his richness
And costliness of spirit look'd through him! it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters
That drift-winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew not
Why I did think so: our reasons are not prophets,

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When oft our fancies are. They 're coming off;
Alas, poor Palamon! [*Cornets.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, ARCITE *as victor*, Attendants, etc.

Theseus. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled!—Fairest Emily,
The gods, by their divine arbitrement,
Have given you this knight; he is a good one
As ever struck at head.—Give me your hands!
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay!
Arcite. Emily,
To buy you I have lost what 's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.
Theseus. O, lov'd sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed; surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should show i' the world too godlike! His behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead; if I could praise
Each part of him to the all I 've spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by 't, for he that was thus good
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' the night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em; so it far'd
Good space between these kinsmen, till heavens did
Make hardly one the winner.—Wear the garland
With joy that you have won!—For the subdued,
Give them our present justice, since I know

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Their lives but pinch 'em ; let it here be done.
The scene 's not for our seeing ; go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow !—Arm your prize ;
I know you will not lose her.—Hippolyta,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver. [*Flourish.*
Emilia. Is this winning ?
O all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy ?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should and would die too.
Hippolyta. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one
That two must needs be blind for 't !
Theseus. So it is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same Part of the Forest as in Act III. Scene VI.*

Enter PALAMON *and his* Knights *pinioned*, Gaoler, Executioner, *and* Guard.

Palamon. There 's many a man alive that hath outliv'd
The love o' the people ; yea, i' the self-same state
Stands many a father with his child. Some comfort
We have by so considering ; we expire,
And not without men's pity ; to live still
Have their good wishes ; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers ; we come towards the gods
Young and unwapper'd, not halting under crimes
Many and stale ; that, sure, shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,

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Whose lives for this poor comfort are laid down,
You 've sold 'em too-too cheap.
1 *Knight.* What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
They not o'erweigh us.
2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell,
And with our patience anger tottering Fortune,
Who, at her certain'st, reels.
3 *Knight.* Come; who begins?
Palamon. Even he that led you to this banquet shall
Taste to you all.—Ah ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You 'll see 't done now for ever. Pray, how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.
Gaoler. Sir, she 's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.
Palamon. By my short life,
I am most glad on 't! 'T is the latest thing
I shall be glad of; prithee, tell her so:
Commend me to her, and, to piece her portion,
Tender her this. [*Gives a purse.*
1 *Knight.* Nay, let 's be offerers all.
2 *Knight.* Is it a maid?
Palamon. Verily, I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quit or speak of.
All Knights. Commend us to her. [*Give their purses.*
Gaoler. The gods requite you all,
And make her thankful!
Palamon. Adieu! and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. [*Lays his head on the block.*
1 *Knight.* Lead, courageous cousin.

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2 *Knight.* We 'll follow cheerfully.

[*A great noise within, crying,* 'Run, save, hold!'

Enter in haste a Messenger.

Messenger. Hold, hold! O, hold, hold, hold!

Enter PIRITHOUS *in haste.*

Pirithous. Hold, ho! it is a cursed haste you made,
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will shew their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.
Palamon. Can that be, when
Venus I 've said is false? How do things fare?
Pirithous. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter!
Palamon. What
Hath wak'd us from our dream? [*Palamon rises.*
Pirithous. List then! Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him,—a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance,—on this horse is Arcite,
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if 't pleas'd his rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 't were to the music
His own hoofs made—for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin—what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,

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Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein trained,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadery to disseat
His lord that kept it bravely. When nought serv'd,—
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor differing plunges
Disroot his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs,—on his hind hoofs
On end he stands,
That Arcite's legs, being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang; his victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head, and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living;
But such a vessel 't is that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: he much desires
To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears!

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, *and* ARCITE *borne in a chair.*

Palamon. O miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty!—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words; I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arcite. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand;
Farewell! I 've told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous; forgive me, cousin!—
One kiss from fair Emilia! [*Kisses her.*]—'T is done:
Take her. I die! [*Dies.*

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Palamon. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!

Emilia. I 'll close thine eyes, prince; blessed souls be with thee!

Thou art a right good man; and, while I live,
This day I give to tears.

Palamon. And I to honour.

Theseus. In this place first you fought; even very here
I sunder'd you: acknowledge to the gods
Your thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well; your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of heaven does arrose you.
The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar,
And given you your love; our master Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: so the deities
Have show'd due justice.—Bear this hence.

Palamon. O cousin,
That we should things desire which do cost us
The loss of our desire! that nought could buy
Dear love but loss of dear love!

Theseus. Never fortune
Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
Did lie in you, for you first saw her and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restor'd her,
As your stolen jewel, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven. The gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto

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The funeral of Arcite; in whose end
The visages of bridegrooms we 'll put on,
And smile with Palamon, for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry
As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad
As for him sorry.—O you heavenly charmers,
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave dispute,
That are above our question.—Let 's go off,
And bear us like the time. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

I would now ask ye how ye like the play;
But, as it is with school-boys, cannot say
I am cruel-fearful. Pray, yet stay a while,
And let me look upon ye. No man smile?
Then it goes hard, I see.—He that has
Lov'd a young handsome wench, then, shew his face—
'T is strange if none be here—and, if he will
Against his conscience, let him hiss and kill
Our market! 'T is in vain, I see, to stay ye;
Have at the worst can come, then! Now, what say ye?
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold;
We 've no such cause.—If the tale we have told—
For 't is no other—any way content ye—
For to that honest purpose it was meant ye—
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long,
I dare say, many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us. We, and all our might,
Rest at your service; gentlemen, good night! [*Flourish.*

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NOTES.

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ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
Colman, 1778 ed. of B. and F., with notes by Colman, Reed, et al.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
L, H. Littledale's ed. of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (London, 1876).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sk, Rev. W. W. Skeat's ed. of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (Cambridge, 1875).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
Tonson, 1711 ed. of B. and F., published by Jacob Tonson (London).
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Weber, Henry Weber's ed. of B. and F. (1812).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

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NOTES.

THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.

PROLOGUE.

THIS prologue is certainly not Shakespeare's. It is probably by Fletcher. "Several of his favourite images are employed in it, and the general style resembles that of his undoubted prologues" (L.). K. omits the whole of it, and Sk. the first twelve lines.

24, 25. *Weak . . . water.* The quarto joins this to what precedes, putting a period after *water*. The arrangement in the text is due to D.

26. *Tack.* The reading of the folio;* the quarto has "take."

29. *Travail.* The old eds. have "travell" or "travel." Cf. *A. W.* p. 153.

* That is, the 1679 folio of B. and F. See p. 10 above.

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ACT I.

SCENE I. — The critics generally agree that this scene is Shakespeare's; but Dowden, Nicholson, L., Furnivall, and H. assign the *Song* to Fletcher, to whom it probably belongs.

The old stage-direction makes the bride "*led by* Pirithous;" corrected by Theo.*

On *her tresses likewise hanging*, Nicholson (quoted by L.) says: "This appearance of the bride in dishevelled hair, apparently a classic custom, betokened virginity, and was in use up to Jacobian times at least." He cites the reference to the marriage of the Countess of Essex to Somerset in A. Wilson's *Life of James I.*: "She, thinking all the world ignorant of her slie practices, hath the impudence to appear in the habit of a Virgin, with her hair pendent almost to her feet; which Ornament of her body (though a fair one) could not cover the deformities of her soul."

The *wheaten garland* "seems to have been worn as an emblem of fertility, and perhaps also of peace—the causer of plenty" (L.).

The *Song* is "evidently intended to be sung by the Boy, who also strews flowers, as indicated in the stage-direction and at line 15" (Sk.).

4. *Maiden pinks.* Fresh pinks. L. thinks the reference may be to "the Matted Pinck" of Bacon's Essay *Of Gardens*, where it is specially commended for its odour. Miller (*Gardener's Dict.*) describes a kind of *Dianthus* as "the small creeping or Maiden Pink, commonly called the mated Pink by seedsmen." Sk. says that this is the *Dianthus virgineus*, but the name is probably modern. We may add that S. refers to the pink only once (in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 61) and then figuratively.

5. *Smell-less, yet most quaint.* Furnivall says: "I cannot get over Chaucer's daisies being called 'smell-less yet most quaint:' the epithets seem to me not only poor but pauper, implying entire absence of fancy and imagination." *Quaint*="trim, neat" (Sk.).

6 *Thyme.* Spelt "time" in the quarto; as in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 249 and *Oth.* i. 3. 326, in the early eds.

7. *Primrose, first-born child of Ver.* Alluding, as Sk. says (in a note sent to L., correcting that given in his own ed.) "to the *apparent* etymology of the French name for the primrose, *primevère*," which was supposed to be =*prima veris.* It is rather =*primula veris*, if taken from the Latin; but Brachet supposes it to be the Italian *primavera.* The usual spelling in old writers is *prime-rose;* as in Bacon's Essay *Of Gardens.*

9. *With her bells dim.* Sk. (followed by H.) reads "hairbells dim." This, as L. remarks, "is very ingenious and supported by strong presumptive evidence;" but he goes on to show that the old reading is

* That is, in the 1750 ed. of B. and F., edited by Theobald, Seward, and Sympson. L. says of it: "Theobald, who died before the edition had advanced very far, has left a few good notes; Sympson's are occasionally presentable, but as for Seward—Seward 'never deviates into sense.'" Coleridge asks: "Did the name of criticism ever descend so low as in the hands of those two fools and knaves, Seward and Sympson?" Again he apostrophizes the former thus: "Mr. Seward! Mr. Seward! you may be, and I trust you are, an angel; but you were an ass."

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probably right. Sk. says that the system requires the accent on the second syllable; but L. replies that "the irregularity of the number of syllables and the words used in these third lines rather indicate that there is but *one* emphatic word in the line." Besides, as he adds, there is "an important *structural* obstacle" to the arrangement of Sk. "Looking through the song, we see one half (three lines exactly) of each stanza occupied by one idea, and the remaining half devoted to a group of objects;" and "the change would destroy this designed symmetry." Sk. also objects that *bells* "makes no sense" as applied to the *primrose;* but S. uses it of the cowslip in *Temp.* v. 1. 89, and both old and modern poets often make *bell*=blossom. *Dim* is as appropriate an epithet for the *primrose* as *pale* in *W. T.* iv. 4. 122 and *Cymb.* iv. 2. 221; but it is not so suitable for the harebell (*Campanula rotundifolia*) or the blue-bell (*Agraphis nutans*), which Sk. thinks to be probably the flower meant here. "Violets dim" in *W. T.* iv. 4. 120 (see our ed. p. 192) is not a parallel case, as *dim* seems there to be=retiring, modest, "half-hidden from the eye."

10. *Oxlips.* "The greater cowslip, *Primula elatior*" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 149.

Cradles. Mr. Furnivall wrote to Dr. R. C. A. Prior, author of *Popular Names of British Plants*, for an explanation of this word and of the allusion to *death-beds* in the next line, and got the reply: "I am quite at a loss for the meaning of *cradles* and *death-beds;*" but Mr. William Whale of the Egham Nurseries answered the same inquiry thus: "The root-leaves of the oxlip are cradle-shaped, but circular instead of long. The growth of the leaves would certainly give one an idea of the stem and oxlip flowers being lodged in a cradle [? saucer]. I have seen the marigold (the *Calendula officinalis*, or *medicinal marigold*, not the African or French sorts which are now so improved and cultivated in gardens) in my boyish days frequently placed on coffins; and in a warm death-room they would certainly flower." L. quotes *Per.* iv. 1. 16:

> "and marigolds
> Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave
> While summer days do last."

Cf. *W. T.* p. 191. *On death-beds blowing* may mean planted on graves, as it is said they still are in Wales, and probably elsewhere.

12. *Larks'-heels.* "Not the same as *larkspur*, as one might suppose, but a kind of nasturtium, the *Tropæolum minus*" (Sk.). The name was, however, sometimes used loosely for *larkspur*. Cotgrave, s. v. *Alouette*, has: "*Pied d'alouette*, the herb Larks-spur, Larks-claw, Larks-heel, Larkes-toes, Monkshood."

16. *Angel.* "Literally, a messenger (Gk. ἄγγελος), but here prettily used to signify a bird. The same use of the word occurs in Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, ii. 2, where the Roman eagle is spoken of as 'the Roman *angel*.' The idea is as old as Homer, who uses the expression *οἰωνὸν, ταχὺν ἄγγελον* (*Iliad*, xxiv. 292). Observe, too, that *angel* implies a bird of good omen, to the exclusion of such ill-omened birds as the crow, the cuckoo, and the raven" (Sk.).

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19. *Slanderous.* Because supposed to tell tales of unfaithful wives. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 908:

"The cuckoo, then, on every tree,
Mocks married men," etc.

See also *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 134 and *A. W.* i. 3. 67; and cf. *M. W.* p. 143.

20. *The boding raven.* Cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 191 and *Oth.* iv. 1. 22.

Chough hoar. The quarto has "clough hee," and the folio "clough he;" corrected by Seward. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 21; and see *Temp.* p. 127. Charles Lamb wanted to read

"The crow, the slanderous cuckoo,
The boding raven, nor the chough"

(the pronunciation *choo* is said to be still heard in the North of England), and L. prefers this to "Seward's very feeble bit of tinkering." He objects to *hoar* that it is "a purely descriptive epithet, and utterly devoid of any symbolic meaning, while all the rest have some reference to the requirements of the case." It may be added that the emendation makes the verse very clumsy; but if *nor* at the end of 19 is right, this is inevitable, whatever rhyming word may be supplied.

21. *Chattering pie.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 47: "And chattering pies in dismal discords sung."

22. *Bride-house.* Nares quotes *Nomenclator*, 1585: "A *bride-house*, as when a hall or other large place is provided to keepe the bridall in, when the dwelling house is not of sufficient roome to serve the turne;" and the old *Taming of a Shrew:*

"Why come, man, we shall good cheere
Anon at the bride house,"

24. Walker asks: "Is the Epithalamium broken off by the entrance of the Queens? It seems unfinished; and it is more natural, I think, that it should be interrupted."

25. *Gentility.* Gentle birth; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 22: "mines my gentility with my education."

33. *Raze you.* Erase for you. Cf. Gr. 220.

34. *All you*, etc. All for which you, etc.

36. *Stead.* Assist. See *M. of V.* p. 133, note on *May you stead me?*

40. *Endure.* The quarto has "endured," and the folio "endur'd;" corrected by Mason.

In Chaucer *Creon* is "of Thebes kyng," as here.

41. *Talons.* Spelt "Tallents" in the quarto. Cf. the pun in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 64, and see our ed. p. 146.

For the grouping of birds of prey, cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 85: "ravens, crows, and kites."

44. *Urn.* Cf. *inurn'd* in *Ham.* i. 4. 49. Spalding notes the Shakespearian character of the verb, as of *chapel* in 50 below. See Gr. 290 (cf. p. 5).

45. *Eye Of holy Phœbus.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 290: "Sweats in the eye of Phœbus," and *A. and C.* iv. 8. 29: "holy Phœbus' car."

47. *Duke.* Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 19: "Theseus, our renowned duke;" and see our ed. p. 125.

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48. *Purger.* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 180: "We shall be call'd purgers, not murtherers." Spalding remarks that "verbal names expressing the agent . . . are in an especial manner frequent with Shakespeare, who invents them to preserve his brevity, and always applies them with great force and quaintness."

55. *Transported.* Rapt; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 76. "Theseus means that he would have bidden her rise sooner, only that he was so carried away by her story as to make him unobservant of her attitude" (Sk.).

58. *Vengeance and revenge.* The tautology is apparently emphatic. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 67: "shall render vengeance and revenge."

59. *Capaneus.* "Four syllables, accented on the first and third. Chaucer also has it as four syllables, but accents it on the second and fourth. Properly, it has but three syllables, being the Gk. Καπανεύς. Capaneus was one of the seven heroes who marched from Argos against Thebes. The story is that he was struck by lightning as he was scaling the walls, because he had dared to defy Zeus; and, whilst his body was burning, his wife Evadne leaped into the flames and destroyed herself. The story in Chaucer and in this play is somewhat different, as Evadne answers to the First Queen" (Sk.).

64. *Spread her.* Overspread her, cover her. Seward ("stupidly," as L. says) would omit *her*, but, as Sk. remarks, "this does not improve either the sense or the metre; the introduction of an extra syllable at a pause in the verse is no blemish, but a beauty." Cf. Gr. 454. H. omits *her*.

66. *Kinsman.* Sk. quotes the Life of Theseus in North's *Plutarch*: "They were neere kinsmen, being cosins remoued by the mothers side. For Æthra [Theseus' mother] was the daughter of Pitheus, and Alcmena, the mother of Hercules, was the daughter of Lysidices, the which was halfe sister to Pitheus, both [being] children of Pelops and of his wife Hippodamia." Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 47: "In glory of my kinsman Hercules." Sk. says that "*Hercules* is apparently a dissyllable here;" but it should certainly have its ordinary pronunciation, the light extra syllable not marring the measure.

68. *Nemean.* The early eds. have "Nenuan;" corrected by Seward. For the pronunciation, cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 83 and *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 90. See *Ham.* p. 195.

73. *Whereto.* In addition to which. Cf. *thereto* in *W. T.* i. 2. 391, *Oth.* ii. 1. 133, and *Cymb.* iv. 4. 33.

74. *Our undertaker.* The man to *undertake* the work of avenging us. S. uses the word only twice (*T. N.* iii. 4. 349 and *Oth.* iv. 1. 224), and in both instances with a meaning similar to this. Sk. quotes Fletcher, *Love's Progress*, i. 1: "First, for the undertaker, I am he;" Hallam, *Const. Hist. of Eng.*: "Neville, and others who, like him, professed to understand the temper of the commons, and to facilitate the King's dealings with them, were called *undertakers*;" and *Spectator*, No. 432: "I find you are a general undertaker," etc.

75. *Bellona.* For the allusion to the Roman goddess of war, cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 54: "Bellona's bridegroom." See our ed. p. 155.

80. *Wast near to make*, etc. "'Didst nearly make the male sex captive to thine own sex, had it not been that this lord of thine, Theseus—

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who was born to keep created things in the same relative position of honour in which nature first appointed them—caused thee to shrink back within the bound which thou wast overflowing.' *Creation* properly means all created things, but is here used with particular reference to human beings. Cf. Gen. iii. 16" (Sk.). *Styl'd it*=fixed the *style* or rank of it.

87. *Who now, I know.* The quarto has "Whom" for *Who;* corrected by D. The old reading may have been a "confusion of construction." Cf. *K. John*, p. 166, note on *Whom*.

For *power on*, cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 238: "power upon my life;" *Cymb.* v. 5. 418: "The power that I have on you is to spare you," etc.

88. *Ow'st.* Ownest, possessest; as in v. 4. 50 below. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 204.

89. *Servant.* Sk. remarks: "*Servant* is used not quite in the modern sense, but in the old sense of an obedient and devoted lover; see iii. 6. 149 below. It is the proper antithesis of *mistress*. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, iii. 2, Philaster addresses Arethusa as 'my dearest *mistress*,' whereupon Arethusa replies with 'my dearest *servant*.' The best comment upon this is furnished by the words of Theseus in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, 956—

> 'For in my tyme a *seruaunt* was I oon.
> And therfor, sine I know of *loues peyne*,' etc."

For=as regards; as often in S. Cf. Gr. 149. Seward (followed by H.) changed *for* to "to."

90. *Glass of ladies.* "A Shakespeare fancy," as Spalding notes. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 161: "The glass of fashion;" and see our ed. p. 219. Cf. also *Hen. V.* p. 152, note on *The mirror*, etc.

93. *Require him he advance it.* Ask him to raise it. On *advance*, cf. *Cor.* p. 210; and for *require*, see on v. 1. 39 below.

98. *Than a dove's motion*, etc. L. quotes *R. of L.* 457: "Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies."

99. *Blood-siz'd.* Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 484: "o'er-sized with coagulate gore" (that is, covered as with *size* or glue).

102. *I had as lief*, etc. I would as soon follow out this good work with you as the marriage ceremony to which I am bound, though I never yet went so willingly as to that. For *had as lief*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 139.

107. *Uncandied.* Thawed, dissolved. Cf. "candied with ice" in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 226, and *discandy* (=thaw) in *A. and C.* iii. 13. 165 and iv. 12. 22.

108. *So sorrow*, etc. "So sorrow, lacking shape (that is, power of expression), is oppressed with still greater occasion for it" (Sk.); or sorrow becomes the deeper for being unable to utter itself.

111. *There, through my tears*, etc. There you see it only imperfectly, as pebbles appear distorted in the running brook. *Wrinkled*, to our thinking, is peculiarly expressive. Seward changes *there* to "here" = in my heart (with appropriate gesture).

112. *Glassy.* The early eds. have "glass" or "glasse;" corrected by Seward.

113. *May behold 'em.* D. and H. read "it" for *'em*. In our opinion the change to the plural is to be explained by the intervening *pebbles;*

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but Nicholson thinks it is made "either because she is thinking of her eyes as ostents of her grief, or, what is much the same, because she is thinking of the grief in either eye, and therefore *griefs*." Sk. compares the use of *their*=his, in iii. 5. 128 below.

114. *He that will*, etc. "He who desires to discover all the world's wealth must dig deeply towards its centre; he who would win the least good-will from me must let his search descend to my heart, like one who, fishing for minnows, so loads his line with lead as to make it sink deeply. The simile is intentionally strained and far-fetched, to denote the queen's distress; as explained in the next sentence" (Sk.).

118. *Extremity*, etc. L. quotes B. and F., *Honest Man's Fortune*, iii. 1:

> "Cunning Calamity,
> That others' gross wits uses to refine,
> When I most need it, dulls the edge of mine."

122. *Ground-piece*. Perhaps =study for a picture, sketch (Sk.). L. thinks *ground* may be =surface, and "*ground-piece*=pictured as distinguished from sculptured work, superficial seeming; or (2) *ground*=foundation (cf. *ground-work*) and *ground-piece*=model, subject matter; or (3) *ground*=principal, main, chief, and *ground-piece*=masterpiece; or (4) *ground*=foil, dull 'ground' of a picture, as contrasted with the glare and prominence of her sorrow." In any case, "*seeming* and *being* are contrasted."

132. *Longer*. The old eds. have "long;" corrected by Seward.

134. *Knolls*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 114: "where bells have knoll'd to church." See our ed. p. 166.

135. *Your first thought*, etc. Sk. remarks: "Possibly suggested by a passage in North's *Plutarch*, immediately preceding that quoted in the note to 66 above: 'For then he did manifestly open himselfe, and he felt the like passion in his heart which Themistocles long time afterwards endured when he said, that the victorie and triumph of Miltiades would not let him sleepe. For euen so, the wonderful admiration which Theseus had of Hercules courage made him in the night that he neuer dreamed but of his noble acts and doings, and in the daytime, pricked forward with emulation and enuie of his glory, he determined with himselfe one day to do the like, and the rather because they were neere kinsmen,' etc. Again, in the same *Life of Theseus*, ed. 1612, p. 15, we read: 'Others say . . . that he was at the iourney of Cholchide [Colchis] with Iason, and that he did helpe Meleager to kil the wild bore of Calydonia: from whence, as they say, this prouerbe came: *Not without Theseus;* meaning that such a thing was not done without great helpe of another. Howbeit it is certaine that Theseus selfe did many famous acts without aide of any man, and that for his valiantnesse this prouerbe came in vse, which is spoken: *This is another Theseus*. Also he did helpe Adrastus, king of the Argives, to recouer the bodies of those that were slaine in the battell before the city of Thebes.'"

136. *Meditance*. Premeditation; not found elsewhere in S.

138. *As ospreys*, etc. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 7. 34: "As is the osprey to the fish," etc. See the note in our ed. p. 261. Here, as there, the spelling is *aspray* in the old eds.

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142. *Cords, knives, drams, precipitance.* That is, hanging, stabbing, poison, leaping down a precipice. K. and Sk. read "cords', knives', drams' precipitance;" making *precipitance* = "headlong haste, desperate rashness." The early eds. have no comma after *drams*. Sk. compares *Cymb.* v. 5. 213 and *Oth.* iii. 3. 388.

143. *Weary of this world's light.* Sk. quotes Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 434:

> "Proxima deinde tenent moesti loca, qui sibi letum
> Insontes peperere manu, *lucemque perosi*
> Proiecere animas."

146. *Visitating.* Surveying. Sk. cites Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "*Visiter*, to visit, or go to see; to view, survey, overlook, oversee." *Visit* is often similarly used in S.; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 308, *M. for M.* iii. 1. 46, iii. 2. 272, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 861, etc.

149. *To give.* By giving; "one of the commonest constructions in S." Cf. iii. 1. 25 below; and see Gr. 356.

152. *Now 't will take form*, etc. That is, "Strike while the iron is hot" and can be shaped, not wait till it is cold, when you will sweat to no purpose in trying to make it *take form*.

154. *It's.* See *W. T.* p. 155. In i. 2. 65 below, the quarto has "its."

Secure. Careless, unguarded. See *Ham.* p. 196.

155. *Not dreams.* Seward and H. change *Not* to "Nor."

156. *Rinsing.* The early eds. have "wrinching," which, as L. notes, is "probably phonetic." In *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 167, the 1st folio has "wrenching." There is no other instance of the word in S.

158. *Full of bread.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 80. Sk. quotes *Ezek.* xvi. 49.

159. "*Artesius* must be supposed to be an Athenian captain, present on the stage, though no speech is assigned to him, and his entrance and exit are alike unnoticed in the old copies. Theseus addresses him again in 211; and the proper time for his exit is at 218" (Sk.).

D. and H. take *fit* to be the verb, and point the passage thus:

> "Artesius, that best know'st
> How to draw out, fit to this enterprise
> The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
> To carry such a business; forth and levy," etc.

We prefer (with Sk. and L.) to follow the early eds.

165. *Take hands.* "Let us join hands and depart together; intended as an expression of despair" (Sk.).

166. *Let us be widows to our woes.* Hickson cites this as an example of Shakespeare's "certain boldness of metaphor, carried sometimes to that extreme that it requires a considerable effort of the understanding to follow it." It is certainly far from clear, but we think it means, Let us continue to weep over our woes, as we do over our husbands; we have no hope here. Sk. says: "Perhaps this obscure expression intimates that they would not have even the opportunity of mourning at their husbands' tombs. Having no memorials of their husbands to point to, they had but their woes to shew that they were widows." L. explains it thus: "Let us be widows to our woes, as well as to our husbands; for as Creon has left our dead lords unburied, so our woes have been left unburied by Theseus."

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172. *War.* The early eds. have "was;" corrected by Theo. *Imports* = concerns.

176. *Lock.* Detain by embraces. For *synod* as applied to an assembly of the gods, see *Cor.* p. 266, or *A. Y. L.* p. 173.

177. *Corslet.* See on *urn*, 44 above.

178. *Twinning.* The early eds. have "twyning" or "twining;" corrected by Theo. Cf. B. and F., *Night-Walker*, iii. 6:

> "Let me suffer death
> If in my apprehension two twinn'd cherries
> Be more akin than her lips to Maria's;"

and *Philaster*, ii. 2: "they are two twinn'd cherries" (referring to lips).

Fall. Let fall; as often in S. Cf. *J. C.* p. 169.

179. *Tasteful.* Not found elsewhere in S. Richardson quotes Crashaw, *The Flaming Heart:*

> "Say, all ye wise and well-pierc'd hearts,
> That live and die amidst her darts,
> What is 't your *tasteful* spirits do prove,
> In that rare life of her, and love?"

180. *Blubber'd.* "The reader ought to recollect that formerly this word did not convey the somewhat ludicrous idea which it does at present" (D.). The only other instance of it in the text of S. (it is found in a stage-direction in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 421) is in *R. and J.* iii. 3. 87, where it is put into the mouth of the Nurse. For the form, see Gr. 374 (cf. 290).

186. *Though much unlike*, etc. "Though I think it very improbable that you should be so transported as she describes, and equally sorry that I should urge such a petition as I now proceed to make" (Sk.). H. reads "much I like," which seems unmaidenly.

190. *Surfeit.* Sickness, from excess of grief.

195. *Or sentencing*, etc. "Or forever condemning their power to silence" (Sk.). H. explains it: "Or concluding them to be forever without force, or no better than speechless."

209. *Success.* Accented on the first syllable. Cf. v. 3. 69 below.

210. *Pretended.* Intended. See *Macb.* p. 202 (note on *Pretence*), or *T. G. of V.* p. 136.

211. *Follow your soldier*, etc. The early eds. point the line thus: "Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you;" corrected by Mason.

212. *Aulis.* The early eds. have "Anly;" corrected by Theo. H. adopts Heath's conjecture of "Ilisse" (= Ilyssus), assuming that the name of a *river* is required; but *bank* (as Sk. and L. note) is often applied to the sea-shore. See 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 45, 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 83, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 525, *Sonn.* 56. 11, etc.

214. *Moiety.* Part; not necessarily a half. See *Ham.* p. 174.

215. *More bigger look'd.* "Which was expected to have been a greater one. We are to suppose that Theseus had planned some great expedition, to be undertaken after his marriage-feast was over, and had collected part of an army for that purpose. He now intends to march against Thebes, the taking of which he looked upon as easy, without completing that army to its full number" (Sk.). For the double comparative, see Gr. 11; and for the form of *look'd*, cf. *blubber'd* in 180 above.

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216. *Stamp . . . currant . . . token.* There is a play upon the words as applied to coin.

222. *Want.* Lack, be incomplete. H. adopts Seward's conjecture of "wait." Sk. remarks: "The suggestion is a poor one; he must have forgotten the common use of *want* in our old dramatists." Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 4, etc. On *solemnity*, cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 187, *T. of S.* iii. 2. 103, etc.

230. *They themselves.* That is, the gods, who are sometimes slaves to their passions.

233. *Human.* The quarto has "humane." Cf. *Macb.* p. 218. *Human title*=the right to the name of man.

Spalding says of this scene: "It has sometimes Shakespeare's identical images and words; it has his quaint force and sententious brevity, crowding thoughts and fancies into the narrowest space, and submitting to obscurity in preference to feeble dilation; it has sentiments enunciated with reference to subordinate relations, which other writers would have expressed with less grasp of thought; it has even Shakespeare's alliteration, and one or two of his singularities in conceit; it has clearness in the images taken separately, and confusion from the prodigality with which one is poured out after another, in the heat and hurry of imagination; it has both fulness of illustration, and a variety which is drawn from the most distant sources; and it has, thrown over all, that air of originality and that character of poetry, the principle of which is often hid when their presence and effect are most quickly and instinctively perceptible."

Hickson remarks: "The first thing that seems to indicate the presence of the mind of Shakespere is the clearness with which, in the first scene, we are put in possession of the exact state of affairs at the opening of the play, without any circumlocution or long-winded harangues, but naturally and dramatically. And, indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of Shakespere is, if we may so express it, the downright honesty of his genius, that disdains anything like trick or mystery. This is almost peculiar to Shakespere. Where, in his works, as much is revealed at the very opening as is necessary to the understanding of the plot, we find, in the works of other dramatists, as much kept back as possible; and we are continually greeted with some surprise or startled with some unexpected turn in the conduct of the piece."

SCENE II.—1. *Dearer in love than blood.* Sk. contrasts this with *Ham.* i. 2. 65: "A little more than kin, and less than kind."

2. *Prime.* Chief, first in our love.

6. *We shame.* H. reads "were shame."

8. *I' the aid o' the current.* With the stream. "What Arcite means to urge as a reason for their quitting Thebes is, that, if they struggled against the current of the fashion (which is denoted by *not* swimming *in the aid* of it), their striving would answer no purpose; and that, if they followed the common stream, it would lead them to an eddy where they would either be drowned or reap no advantage from their labouring through it but life and weakness" (Mason).

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13. *Ruins.* "Not material ruins of houses, but wrecks of men, that is, men who are but wrecks of their former selves. Palamon is following up the idea started by Arcite, that the men in Thebes were mostly coming to ruin. Hence the word *walking* may just as well agree with *ruins* as refer to Palamon himself; and he goes on to say that he sees upon them little else but scars and bare garments (such being the common meaning of *weeds* in our old authors); and these scars are all that the martialists (or men fond of war) really gain, though hoping to win honour and money. Observe the phrase 'when such I meet' in 21; and so in 27" (Sk.). There can be no doubt, we think, that *walking* refers to *ruins*. For *weeds*, cf. *M. N. D.* p. 149. *Bare*=threadbare. L. notes that *martialist* is not used elsewhere by S., while B. and F. have the word twice.

18. *Had not.* "Did not get for himself, for it went to the captain. Cf. 34 below" (Sk.).

Flurted. Scorned; used by S. only in the compound *flurt-gills* (*R. and J.* ii. 4. 162), but rather common in B. and F.

22. *Jealousy.* Referring to the origin of the Trojan war.

24. *For her repletion.* L. makes this =against her repletion, as a remedy for it (Gr. 154); but we do not see why it may not mean on account of it. *Repletion* is not used elsewhere by S.

Retain="employ, take into service; as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 192" (L.). H. adopts Heath's conjecture of "reclaim." Sk. suggests "regain;" but, as L. says, *regain anew* would be =*gain anew anew.*

28. *Cranks.* Winding streets.

40. *Even jump.* Just exactly. Cf. *Ham.* p. 172.

41. *As they are here*, etc. Weber and Sk. follow the old eds. in putting the comma after *are*, joining *here* to what comes after. The sense is the same, and the rhythm better, with the pointing in the text.

42. *And Such things to be mere monsters.* "And to be such things (as they are) were to be mere monsters" (Nicholson). Weber makes the words a mere expansion of what precedes: "we should be here (in Thebes) strangers, and such things as would be considered mere (that is, absolute) monsters, or things out of the common track of human customs." On *mere* in this sense, cf. *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated*, etc. On the form of the passage, cf. 7 fol. above: "for not to swim," etc.

46. *Faith.* Self-reliance.

48. *Conceiv'd.* Understood. Cf. *Lear*, p. 235.

51. *Follows.* For the ellipsis of *who*, see Gr. 244.

52. *Make pursuit.* There is a play upon this phrase, which means to prosecute, or bring a suit against, as well as to follow.

54. *For.* Because. Gr. 151.

61. *Plantain.* For the use of plaintain leaves for wounds and bruises, see *R. and J.* p. 147.

63. *Whose successes*, etc. K. adopts Heath's conjecture of "success," and some change *Makes* to "Make." L. says that "it is only ignorance of Shakespearian usage that has led editors to admit any change in either the noun or the verb here." Cf. Gr. 333.

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65. *Its.* See on i. 1. 154 above. *Who* is understood before *puts;* it is expressed two lines below.

67. *Attributes.* Accented on the first syllable. The word is found elsewhere in S. only in *A. W.* iii. 6. 64, where it occurs in prose. L. accents *voluble* on the penult, but this is not absolutely necessary. The word is used here in the etymological sense of "inconstant, fickle" (Latin *volubilis*, from *volvere*, to roll). Cf. the noun in Holland's *Pliny:* "The heaven bendeth and inclineth toward the centre, but the earth goeth from the centre, whiles the world, with continuall *volubilitie* and turning about it, driveth the huge and excessive globe thereof into the forme of a round ball."

69. *Men's.* The old eds. have "men;" corrected by Seward.

70. *Glory; one*, etc. Some copies of the quarto (cf. p. 9 above) read "glory on That feares," others put a semicolon after "on." Seward, followed by most of the editors, reads "glory too;" but, as Ingram suggested, the old "on" is =*one*, as not unfrequently. In i. 3. 75 below, the quarto has "humd on." In *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 142, the folio reads "On her haires were Gold, Christall the others eyes," etc.

72. *Sib.* Akin, related. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 205, note on *Gossip.*

74. *Clear-spirited.* Sk. quotes Milton, *Lycidas*, 70: "Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise." See also v. 4. 13 below.

76. *Our.* Metrically a dissyllable. Gr. 480.

79. *In blood unless in quality.* "Not in *kin*, unless in *kind*" (L.). Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 3. 18:

> "But though I am a daughter to his blood,
> I am not to his manners."

See also 1 above.

85. *Phœbus*, etc. Sk. remarks: "The allusion is probably to the story of Phaëthon in Ovid; the day after Phaëthon's death, Phœbus could hardly be persuaded to drive the chariot of the sun once more, and wreaked some of his anger upon the horses, which he lashed severely. Cf. *Met.* ii. 398:

> 'Colligit amentes et adhuc terrore paventes
> Phœbus equos: *stimuloque* dolens et verbere *saevit:*
> Saevit enim, natumque obiectat et imputat illis.'"

86. *Whipstock.* The English editors think it necessary to explain this as "the handle of a whip;" but the word is in common use in this country.

87. *To.* In comparison with. Gr. 187.

88. *Small winds shake him.* L. prints this as an exclamation (which it certainly is not), and cites as a parallel *Cymb.* ii. 3. 136: "The south-fog rot him!"

95. *Yet what man*, etc. "The meaning is, what man can exert a third part of his powers when his mind is clogged with a consciousness that he fights in a bad cause?" (Mason).

103. *Who.* Referring to *fate.* "The writer was no doubt thinking of the personified Fates, especially of Atropos, the Fate who cuts the thread of life" (Sk.).

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106. *Intelligence.* Sk. says that this is =messenger, as in *K. John*, iv. 2. 116: "O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?" but we see no necessity for explaining it so here, and in *K. John* the figure is similar to that in *Macb.* i. 7. 35: "Was the hope drunk," etc. *Intelligence* is no more used concretely than *care* in the next line:

> "O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
> Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
> That such an army could be drawn in France,
> And she not hear of it?"

107. *Who, were he.* H. omits *who.*

109. *Comes.* The quarto has "come," the folio "came;" corrected by Colman.

112. *Our hands advanc'd*, etc. If we lift our hands when we have no heart for the fight, etc. Cf. Warwick's description of his soldiers in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 130 fol.:

> "Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
> Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
> Or like an idle thrasher with a flail—
> Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
> I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
> With promise of high pay and great rewards,
> But all in vain; *they had no heart to fight*,
> And we in them no hope to win the day."

For *advanced*=uplifted, see on i. 1. 93 above.

116. *Becking.* Beckoning; as in *K. John*, iii. 3. 13, and *A. and C.* iv. 12. 26.

Spalding says of this scene: "Its broken versification points out Shakespeare; the quaintness of some conceits is his; and several of the phrases and images have much of his pointedness, brevity, or obscurity. The scene, though not lofty in tone, does not want interest, and contains some extremely original illustrations."

Hickson thinks "that either Shakespeare and Fletcher wrote the scene in conjunction, or that it was originally written by Fletcher, and afterwards revised and partly re-written by Shakespeare."

L., after quoting these opinions, asks: "Does it not therefore appear more likely that the view put forward by Spalding, and upheld by Dyce, Skeat, and Swinburne—that Shakespeare was the first sketcher of the piece, Fletcher the 'padder;' that the play is 'gilt o'er-dusted,' rather than 'dust that is a little gilt'—gives after all the true explanation of the mystery?"

SCENE III.—1. *No further.* "Pirithous is going to follow Theseus to the war, and, taking leave of Hippolyta and Emilia at the gates of Athens, bids them accompany him no further" (Sk.).

5. *Dare.* The early eds. have "dure," which Seward changed to "cure." *Dare* was the conjecture of Sympson and Heath. The latter, as quoted by D., remarks: "The words *excess and overflow of power* relate not to the success of Theseus just before mentioned, but to the reinforcement Pirithous was on the point of leading to join his army. And the sense is—Though I dare not question the success of my lord even

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with the troops he has, yet I wish him rather excess and overflow of power, more force than is necessary, that, if possible, he may defy Fortune to disappoint him." Nicholson (quoted by L.) thinks that *dare* is used in "the fowling and hawking sense of terrifying a bird till it lay still and subdued, or, not daring flight, fled crouching on the ground." Cf. *Hen. V.* p. 176, note on *Dare the field.*

7. *His ocean*, etc. Weber quotes *A. and C.* iii. 12. 8–10.

10. *Pieces.* Works, creations. *In*=into; as often.

12. *Speed.* Success, fortune. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 143.

14. *Terrene.* Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 153: "our terrene moon."

20. *Broach'd.* Spitted. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. prol. 32: "Bringing rebellion broached on his sword," etc. Sk. quotes *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 38.

21. *Sod.* Seethed, boiled. Cf. *R. of L.* 1592: "Sod in tears," etc.

H. "improves" the arrangement of the passage thus:

> "or women that
> Have sod their infants in the brine they wept
> At killing 'em, and often eat them," etc.

24. *Peace be to you*, etc. "Peace be to you as long as I pursue this war; when that is ended, we shall not need to pray for it" (Mason).

27. *Depart.* For the noun, see *T. G. of V.* p. 152.

Sports. Amusements, diversions; referring to the festivities which Pirithous had charge of (Sk.).

31. *Playing one.* The quarto has "ore" for *one*, a misprint which the folio changes to "o'er." The correction is Mason's. "The business which Pirithous was executing with his hand was the conducting of the festivities; that which he directed in his head was the preparation for war" (Sk.).

36. *As dangerous as poor.* As dangerous as it was poor. Some put a comma after *dangerous.*

37. *They have skiff'd*, etc. "They have passed in a slight bark over torrents whose roaring tyranny and power, even when at the minimum of fury, were dreadful" (Weber).

43. *Cunning.* Skill. Cf. *T. of S.* p. 127, or *Ham.* p. 257.

53. *Count.* That is, of years.

58. The quarto has here the following "warning" in the margin: "2. Hearses ready with Palamon: and Arcite: the 3. Queenes. Theseus: and his Lordes ready." This is one of the indications that the quarto was set up from an acting copy of the play. Cf. pp. 10, 39 above.

61. *For we did.* Because we did. See on i. 2. 54 above.

63. *Operance.* Operation. We find *operant* in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 25 and *Ham.* iii. 2. 184.

66. *No more arraignment.* That is, without further trial.

67. *Then but beginning.* The early eds. have "breasts, oh (then but beginning," etc. L. thinks that the parenthesis may be an interpolation of Fletcher's. He adds: "The statement cannot be objected to physiologically, but it certainly seems a superfluous piece of information from a dramatic point of view."

71. *Toy.* Bit of finery. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 326: "Any toys for your head?"

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72. *Her affections.* "What she *affected*, or liked" (K.).

73. *Though happily her careless wear.* The quarto reads "Though happely, her careles, were," and the folio "Though happily, her careless, were;" corrected by Colman, who paraphrases the passage thus: "Her *fancy* (which was sure to be pretty, even in her most *careless* dress) I copied in my most studied adornments." For *happily*=haply, see 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 164, or Gr. 42.

75. *One.* The early eds. have "on," which was an old spelling of *one*. Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 129. See also on i. 2. 70 above.

78. *This rehearsal*, etc. The quarto (followed essentially by the folio) reads:

> "This rehearsall
> (Which fury-innocent wots well) comes in
> Like old importments bastard, has this end,
> That the true love tweene Mayde, and mayde, may be
> More then in sex individuall."

The correction of *every innocent* for "fury-innocent" is Lamb's; and *dividual* for "individual" is due to Seward and Sympson. The meaning of the expression, *Like old importment's bastard*, is not clear; but the editors have perhaps tried to find too much in it. Weber explains the whole passage thus: "This rehearsal of our affections (which every innocent well knows comes in like the mere bastard, the faint shadow of the true import, the real extent of our natural affections) has this end," etc. L. gives it thus: "The end of this long relation, as every innocent is aware, comes in like the 'illegitimate conclusion' of a long story told very consequentially." This is better than Weber's exegesis, because simpler and more in keeping with the playful tone of the parenthesis. Mason took *importment* to be =the French *emportement*, "which signifies passion or transport," and made the parenthesis "(Which fury innocent, wot I well, comes in Like old emportment's bastard)," which he paraphrased as follows: "the innocent enthusiasm of which, I well know, comes in like the spurious offspring, the faint resemblance of the passion I formerly felt for Flavina," etc. *Innocent*, of course, is =idiot; as in *A. W.* iv. 3. 213, *Per.* iv. 3. 17, etc.

Sk. remarks here: "This beautiful passage is unfortunate in one respect; for it suggests a comparison with the well-known lines in the *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 203, where Helena uses very similar language:

> 'Both warbling of one song, both in one key,' etc.

There is a remarkable parallel passage in Fletcher's play of the *Lover's Progress*, ii. 1, descriptive of the love of two male friends:

> 'Both brought up from our infancy together,
> One company, one friendship, and one exercise
> Ever affecting, one bed holding us,
> One grief and one joy parted still between us,
> More than companions, twins in all our actions,
> We grew up till we were men, held one heart still.
> Time call'd us on to arms; we were one soldier,
> Alike we sought our dangers and our honours,
> Gloried alike one in another's nobleness.'

"The word *dividual* here merely means *different*, and seems to have been

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used to round off the description. In Milton it means separable, and occurs in the *Areopagitica*, ed. Hales, p. 39, l. 25, as well as in the *P. L.* vii. 382, xii. 85. Richardson has also the following quotation containing the word (from Brooke's *Universal Beauty*):

> 'While through the pores nutritive portions tend,
> Their equal aliment *dividual* share,
> And similar to kindred parts adhere.'"

Spalding says of this scene that much of it "has Shakespeare's stamp deeply cut upon it," and that it is "probably all his." Hickson also praises it highly, as showing "the judgment of Shakespeare." He adds: "The friendship of Theseus and Pirithous becomes a natural introduction to the object of friendship in general, and female friendship in particular; and, in this light, the character of Emilia is shown so simple, so pure, yet so fervent, that we justify and account for her irresolution and inability to decide between the rivals, both of whom she admires without actually loving either. It is a scene, in fact, necessary to that perfection of character and consistency of purpose which but one writer of the age attained. Struck out, the play would still be intelligible, as no part of the action would thereby be lost; but Emilia would straightway sink into one of those conventional characters that strange circumstances throw into the power of the dramatist, and, judged by any other than his own peculiar standard, would certainly have little claim upon our respect."

SCENE IV.—On *a battle struck* in the stage direction, cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 54: "When Cressy battle fatally was struck;" and see our ed. p. 160.

11. *Even.* Make even. Cf. *A. W.* p. 140, note on *To even your content.*

13. *What are those?* Who are those? Gr. 254. Here Theseus perceives the bodies of Palamon and Arcite. They are brought in "on hearses;" but no stage-direction appears in the old copies, as the "warning" in the margin at i. 3. 58 above was sufficient. D. (followed by H.) wrongly adds to the heading of the scene, "*Dead bodies lying on the ground; among them Palamon and Arcite.*"

15. *Appointment.* Accoutrement. Cf. *Ham.* p. 253. See also iii. 1. 40 below.

18. *Smear'd.* Some copies of the quarto (see p. 9 above) have "smeard," others "succard." L. compares *Cor.* i. 6. 69.

19. *Make lanes.* Cut their way through. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 9: "Three times did Richard make a lane to me."

21. *What was 't that prisoner*, etc. The early eds. have "What prisoner was 't that;" corrected by D.

22. *We learn.* The early eds. have "We leave;" corrected by Heath. K. and Sk. follow Seward in reading "With leave." D. at first gave "Wi' leave," but afterwards adopted Heath's conjecture. L. is inclined to think "leave"="'lieve" (believe).

31. *Convent.* Call together; as in i. 5. 10 below. Cf. *T. N.* p. 169.

40. *Since I have known*, etc. This is the great *crux* of the play, and has been the subject of much emendation and discussion. The quarto (followed essentially by the folio) reads:

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"Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, beheastes,
Loves, provocations, zeale, a mistris Taske,
Desire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
Hath set a marke which nature could not reach too
Without some imposition, sicknes in will
Or wrastling strength in reason, for our Love," etc.

Seward transposed the line, *Sickness in will*, etc., after *madness*, and gave *friends' behests* and *Love's provocations*, and suggested "'T hath" for *Hath*. Heath would read "fights, fury" (for which D. gives *fight's fury*) and "Have" for *Hath*. D. also reads "zeal in a mistress' task," which Sk. adopts. H. has "zeal in misery's task," and "They've" for *Hath*. He adopts Seward's transposition and readings, and says: "The idea running through the passage seems to be that the several things mentioned, from *fight's fury* to *strength in reason*, all crave or aim at something higher than man's natural powers can accomplish, unless specially stimulated thereto by moral and religious incitements. So Theseus proceeds to urge upon his subordinates *our love and great Apollo's mercy* as motives for outdoing themselves in order to effect the matter in question." But surely this is a strange preamble to such an appeal. If the thought had passed through the mind of Theseus at the time, he would not have paused to utter it. There is more of the clergyman than of the critic in this interpretation.

Sk. says: "I do not see that the transposition suggested by Seward is necessary, or that it helps us in any way. With a slighter mending, we can do better. It is clear that *friends* should be a genitive case, coupled as it is with *Love's provocations;* and the suggestion *fight's fury* is a great improvement upon the *frights, fury* of the old editions. The introduction of *in* after *zeal*, as proposed by Mr. Dyce, is also a happy thought. But there we may as well stop. I understand the word *that* before *Hath*, nothing being commoner in our dramatists than the omission of the relative; and I retain *Hath*, without altering it, as some have done, to *Have*. I interpret it thus: 'For I have known the fury of fight, the requisitions of friends, the provocations of love, the zeal employed in executing a mistress's task, or the desire of liberty—to be (or, to amount to) a fever or a madness, which has proposed an aim (for endeavours) which the man's natural strength could not attain to, without at least some forcing, or some fainting of the will, or some severe struggle in the mind.' This is at least as good as any previous explanations, and further discussion of so difficult a passage would be useless. *Imposition* means demand or requirement, in an excessive degree."

The reading and pointing in the text are those of L. except that he retains the old "frights, fury." His explanation, which, if not perfectly satisfactory, has the merit of simplicity, and also of connecting the passage naturally and appropriately with the context, is as follows: "Theseus directs that the prisoners shall be removed from all sights that might be suggestive of their captivity and so hinder their recovery, since he knows that, among other causes, *desire of liberty* hath sometimes produced a degree of mental apathy or delirium (*set a mark* of *sickness in will or wrestling strength in reason*) which could only be combated by practising some deception (*nature could not reach to*, etc.). Compare

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what the Doctor says of the Daughter's *wrestling strength in reason* (in her case produced by *love's provocations*), iv. 3. 73 below: 'It is a falsehood she is in, which is *with falsehoods to be combated*.'" The singular *hath* is used because the subjects govern it separately, not collectively.

46. *Our best.* That is, our best physicians.

Spalding says of this scene that its phraseology is "like Shakespeare's, being brief and energetic, and in one or two instances passing into quibbles." Hickson considers that it "bears the marks of Shakespeare's hand too strongly to be mistaken."

SCENE V.—3. *Dole.* Dolour, grief. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 143.

4. *Heavy cheers.* Sad faces. For *cheer*, see *M. of V.* p. 152.

6. *Wild.* For this poetical epithet H. substitutes Walker's tame conjecture of "wide."

10. *Convent.* See on i. 4. 31 above.

11. *Household's grave.* The quarto has "housholds grave," the folio "houshold graver."

15, 16. *This world 's a city*, etc. This couplet is found on old gravestones in England and Scotland, with slight variations and with additional lines; as in the following (given by L.) from Abernethy:

"The world 's a city
Full of streets,
And death 's a market
That every one meets;
But if life were a thing
That money could buy,
The poor could not live
And the rich would not die."

Southey, in his *Commonplace Books*, gives the following as an epitaph at Worpleton:

"Life is a city full of crooked streets,
And Death the Marketplace where all men meets.
If life were a merchandize which men could buy,
The rich would purchase it, and only the poor would die."

Spalding assigns this scene to Shakespeare; Hickson is in doubt about it, but inclines to the same opinion. To L. the evidence seems to point the other way. The epithet *quick-eyed* does not occur once in S.; and the whole tone of the song is Fletcherian.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Depart with.* Part with. See *K. John*, p. 150.

5. *Better lined.* "Better off," better furnished with property. Sk. compares *Macb.* i. 3. 112. See our ed. p. 164. L. quotes Cleveland, *Works*, p. 93: "But though he came alone, yet well lin'd it seems, with 133*l.* 8*d.*"

6. *Delivered.* "Given out," reported.

12. *Of her.* From her. Gr. 165.

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20. *Strewings.* Rushes to strew the floor. See *Rich. II.* p. 167, note on *The presence strewed.*

25. *Absolute.* Complete, perfect. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 111: "an absolute gentleman;" and see also *Hen. V.* p. 170.

26. *Stammers 'em.* "Speaks stammeringly concerning them, does them but small justice" (Sk.).

27. *Grise.* Step, grade. See *Oth.* p. 165. The quarto has "greise," the folio "grief." Nares quotes from William Thomas's *Hist. of Italy*, 1561, H 2: "certain skaffolds of borde, with *grices* or steppes one above another." Sk. cites Way's note at p. 209 of the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, which has "Grece, or tredyl, or steyre. *Gradus.*" We find in Wiclif, *Exod.* xx. 26: "thou schalt not stye [ascend] by *grees* to myn auter," and the singular form *gree* is also found, meaning a step. Some have supposed that *grise* is a mere corruption of the plural of *gree.*

28. *In the battle.* Modifying *doers*, not *reported.*

41. *Presently.* Immediately. See *Cymb.* p. 184.

46. *And so did they.* Explaining why the Wooer had not seen them.

53. *Lord, the difference of men!* Sk. quotes *Lear*, iv. 2. 26: "O, the difference of man and man!"

Spalding gives this scene (as he does all the underplot) to Fletcher; but Hickson is firm in the belief that it is Shakespeare's. The fact that it is in prose is against its being Fletcher's; and so is the fact that it does not fit exactly with the next scene, which is certainly his. In this scene the kinsmen are referred to as if in conversation, but in the next they begin with mutual salutations. There the Daughter speaks of them as having no sense of their captivity and as discoursing nothing of their own restraint and disasters, while here they discourse of nothing else.

SCENE II.—Weber, D., and Sk. make this scene a continuation of the preceding; but the quarto distinguishes the two. Cf. p. 35 above.

17. *Have.* H. adopts Dyce's conjecture of "had."

21. *Wore.* The old eds. have "were;" corrected by Seward. D. reads "ware."

22. *Ravish'd.* Snatched from. The old eds. have "Bravishd;" corrected by Seward.

28. *Too-timely.* Too early, too forward. For *timely*=early, cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 139: "my timely death."

31. *Loaden.* For the form, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 140.

51. *Stuck.* The early eds. have "Strucke" or "Struck." The emendation is due to Heath, and is favoured by the comparison of the swine to a *quiver.* For the allusion to the Parthian custom of shooting as they fled, cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 20: "Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight." *Uses*=exercises.

54. *Lazily.* The old eds. have "lastly," which is explained as ="worst of all;" but the measure as well as the sense of the context favours Seward's emendation of "lazily."

58. *Mere.* Absolute. See *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated*, etc.

63. *Main goodness.* "Special piece of good luck" (Sk.).

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64. *I win'd.* The old eds. have "twyn'd" or "twin'd;" but perhaps we should read "twinn'd," with Seward, K., and L., as that word was often spelled with one *n*. See on i. 1. 178 above. Weber, D., Sk., and H. have *twin'd.*

74. *Conversation.* Intercourse with others.

91. *Grave.* Bury, destroy. The old eds. have "Crave," which L. defends. *Grave* is due to D., and is adopted by Sk. and H. Theo. suggests "Craze," Sympson "Carve," Mason "Cleave," and Heath "Raze."

100. *A more content.* A greater content than there. For *more*, see Gr. 17.

112. *Record.* The noun is often accented by Elizabethan writers on the last syllable. Cf. *Ham.* p. 197.

118. *This garden*, etc. The old eds. give this line to Arcite; corrected by Seward.

122. *Forward.* That is, go on with what you were saying. "Palamon had said above, 'you shall hear me;' and now Arcite is eagerly waiting to hear the remainder of his speech. Palamon, engrossed in watching Emilia, pays little attention, and merely says 'yes,' without adding more. Hence Arcite's repeated remonstrance below, 'Will you go forward, cousin?' And again he says, 'Cousin! how do you, sir? why, Palamon'—supposing, for the moment, that Palamon is seized with a fit of illness. Cf. iii. 5. 98 below" (Sk.).

138. *Gently.* A trisyllable here. Gr. 477. Cf. iv. 1. 111 below.

142. *She locks her beauties in her bud again.* Cf. Keats, *St. Agnes' Eve:* "As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again." Sk. also notes this poetic parallel.

146. *Can come near.* H. changes *near* to "to."

156–159. *I will not*, etc. L. compares *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 64:

> "A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
> Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
> My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
> Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me."

163. *Mankind.* Accented on the first syllable; as it is by S., except in *T. of A.* (Schmidt).

171, 172. *If that will lose ye*, etc. H. gives, without note or comment:

> "If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon! I say
> Again, I love her; and, in loving her, maintain," etc.

The addition of "her" in 172 was suggested by Walker, who would arrange thus:

> "I say again
> I love her; and, in loving her, maintain," etc.

191. *If he be but one.* "That is, if the enemy be but a single person. The 'enemy,' in this instance, is Emilia. Arcite's reply is—suppose the enemy would prefer to fight with *me;* that is, suppose Emilia were to prefer me. Palamon rejoins that, in *that* case, Arcite would be free to love; *otherwise*, he looks upon him as a villain" (Sk.).

215. *Enter Gaoler.* In the old theatre the platform of the stage would be the garden, while the raised balcony at the back would be the interior

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of the prison, where Palamon and Arcite are, and where the Gaoler now enters.

231. *Apricock.* Apricot; the old spelling. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 197.

261. *Pelting.* Paltry. See *M. N. D.* p. 142.

269. *Morris.* That is, morris-dance. Cf. iii. 5 below, where one is introduced.

Spalding remarks that "this scene, if it be Fletcher's, is among the very finest he ever wrote." Hickson says that "with all its beautiful poetry, it does not exhibit dramatic power."

SCENE III.—10. *Into thee.* H. has "unto thee;" but whether it is a misprint or an emendation we cannot say.

21. *Another shape.* That is, a disguise. On *make me*, cf. *Oth.* v. 1. 4: "It makes us, or it mars us," etc.

26. *Have with ye.* I 'll be with you. See *A. Y. L.* p. 146.

31. *Hold.* Hold to our engagement.

35. *Ye know.* The old eds. have "yet know;" corrected by Seward.

37. *Keep touch.* Keep his appointment; a phrase of doubtful origin. Nicholson says that it probably came from the custom of *shaking hands* on a bargain or agreement. Cf. the old word *handfast.*

38. *Horn-book.* The child's primer, which at first was a single leaf set in a frame of wood, and covered with horn to keep it from being soiled or torn. See Chambers, *Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 47. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 49: "he teaches boys the horn-book."

43. *For our town.* That is, for its credit or honour.

44. *Weavers.* Probably = singers here. For the reputation of weavers as singers, see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 165, or *T. N.* p. 137.

46. *By any means.* By all means; as in iii. 5. 134 below. For *says* the old eds. have "sees;" corrected by Seward.

48. *Parlously.* Amazingly. See *M. N. D.* p. 155, or Gr. 461.

49. *Makes no cry.* Makes no noise, amounts to nothing.

50. *Tackle.* "Equipments, things prepared for the occasion" (Sk.).

65. *Trick o' the hip.* Trick in wrestling. Sk. says: "The reference is not to the hip of the vanquished wrestler, as some think, but to that of the victor. If a wrestler can succeed in hitching his hip in a certain way under his adversary's body, he may often succeed in throwing with almost irresistible violence. This is the 'trick of the hip' referred to here and by Shakespeare." Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 42, iv. 1. 334, and *Oth.* ii. 1. 314. For the use of *vengeance*, cf. *Cor.* ii. 2. 6: "he's vengeance proud;" and see our ed. p. 227.

68. *He roast eggs!* "A contemptuous expression, intimating the speaker's doubt as to Arcite's capacity even for cooking an egg. The phrase 'like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side' is in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 38. It looks as if eggs were sometimes roasted, like apples, before the fire, and required turning at intervals. Ray gives the phrase 'I have eggs on the spit' as a common proverb, adding that it means 'I am very busy. Eggs, if they be well roasted, require much turning.' Two more proverbs are 'Set a fool to roast eggs, and a wise man to eat them;' and 'There goes some reason to the roasting of eggs'" (Sk.).

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73. *E'er flew.* The old eds. have "never flew," which Sk. thinks may be what the author wrote. Cf. Gr. 406.

76. *Happiness.* Good luck.

As Spalding says, "neither this scene nor the following have anything in them worthy of particular notice."

SCENE IV.—2. *Affect.* Love. See *Much Ado*, p. 124.

18. *Coil.* Ado, stir. See *Much Ado*, p. 146, or *M. N. D.* p. 168.

20. *Fairer spoken.* See Gr. 374 (cf. 294).

SCENE V.—4. *Allow.* Approve, praise. L. quotes Webster, *Westward Ho*, iii. 4: "they allow my wit for it extremely."

7. *Gave me life.* H. adopts Seward's conjecture of "my" for *me.*

9. *Proves you.* That is, to be a gentleman. *Sire* is here a dissyllable; like *fires* in v. 1. 3 below. Gr. 480.

12. *Deep cry.* "Deep-mouthed" (*T. of S.* ind. 1. 18) pack. See *Cor.* p. 248.

16. *Proper.* Comely. See *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture.*

24. *Baser garments.* It will be borne in mind that Arcite is disguised as a countryman.

26. *Purchase.* Win, gain. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 177.

51. *To do observance*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 167: "To do observance to a morn of May."

65. *Wise.* Discreet.

SCENE VI.—*Devils roar.* "Probably we have here a relic of the old mysteries. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 75, *Hen. V.* iv. 4. 75 [see our ed. p. 179], etc." (L.).

33. *Patch.* The old eds. have "path." The emendation is Dr. Ingleby's, and is adopted by L. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 4. 18.

35. *Whoo-bub.* Hubbub. See *W. T.* p. 204.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—2. *Laund.* Lawn, glade. The old eds. have "land." *Laund* was suggested by D. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 2: "For through this laund anon the deer will come;" and see our ed. p. 154. Sk. cites Chaucer, *Kn. T.* 833: "And to the launde he rydeth him ful ryghte." *Several*=separate.

6. *Buttons.* Buds. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 40.

7. *Knacks.* Knick-knacks. Cf. *W. T.* p. 199.

10. *Place.* The old eds. have "pace;" corrected by Seward.

12. *Eftsoons.* Soon after; used again in *Per.* v. 1. 256.

13. *Chop.* "Exchange, make an exchange. Arcite means, Oh! that I might, whilst thou art meditating, come between, soon after some cold or sober thought, and make an exchange, by changing those cold thoughts to thoughts of love!" (Sk.).

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36. *Void'st.* The old eds. have "voydes;" corrected by Sympson.

37. *Gentle token.* The mark or badge of gentle birth.

40. *Appointment.* Accoutrement, weapons. See on i. 4. 15 above.

42. *Nor worth.* L. conjectures "not worth," which may be right.

43. *House-clogs.* That is, his fetters.

44. *Cozener.* Cf. the similar play on *cousin* in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 254; and for other instances see our ed. p. 155.

45. *As thou hast show'd me feat.* That is, in keeping with your behaviour.

47. *Your blazon.* Your description. "The original sense of *blason* in Old French was simply a shield; then it came to mean a coat-of-arms, which is still the sense it has in French; then, in English only, it passed on to the sense of description of arms, and even to description in a general sense, as in *Ham.* i. 5. 21, *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 307" (Sk.).

52. *Skip them.* Ignore their existence.

54. *Griefs.* Grievances; as often. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 192.

58. *Advertis'd.* Accented on the second syllable; as it is regularly in S. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 235.

68. *Compell'd.* Accented on the first syllable because followed by a noun so accented. See Schmidt, p. 1413 fol. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 57: "I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins," etc.

On the passage, cf. *Macb.* v. 7. 1:

> "They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
> But, bear-like, I must fight the course."

72. *Quit me of these cold gyves.* Free me from these iron fetters. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 215, note on 14.

74. *Come before me then*, etc. Sk. cites *Macb.* iv. 3. 234:

> "Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
> Heaven forgive him too!"

83. *With counsel of the night.* When the approach of night tells me that I may safely do it. Sk., who makes *counsel* = "assistance," considers it "rather a bold phrase;" but the transition from advice to assistance is an easy one.

86. *The smell o' the prison.* This gives us a hint of the "unsanitary" condition of prisons in the poet's time. Sk. refers to iii. 3. 48, 51 below.

88. *In plight.* In condition for the combat. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 168: "To keep her constancy in plight," etc.

89. *Dares.* The reading of the quarto, and, to our thinking, preferable to the "dare" of the folio and the modern editors (except L.).

90. *Business.* Changed by D. and H. to "baseness." Sk. has "nobly" for *noble.*

The meaning is, "Dares any one who shews himself so noble be capable of aught base? None, save Arcite, could be so; and therefore in proportion to the height of his generosity is the depth of his baseness" (L.).

97. *Musit.* The early eds. have "Musicke" or "Musick;" corrected by K. Nares defines *musit* as "the opening in a hedge through which a hare, or other beast of sport, is accustomed to pass." Cf. *V. and A.* 683:

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"The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth, to amaze his foes;"

where a hunted hare is referred to. Here the word is =hiding-place.

101. *Bent brow.* That is, a frowning or angry brow. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 34: "See how the ugly wench doth bend her brows!" and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 19: "And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?"

104. *My stomach*, etc. That is, if my stomach were not, etc. Sk. thinks that *stomach* is "probably =inclination, used much as we now use *palate;* the *oil* did not suit his palate and he could scarcely persuade himself to like it." The word may, however, be =resentment (cf. *Lear*, p. 254), as some explain it.

112. *I've.* The old eds. have "If;" corrected by Seward.

114. *Bleeding.* For the figure, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 157, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 57, etc.

SCENE II.—1. *Brake.* The old eds. have "Beake" or "Beak;" corrected by Weber (the conjecture of Theo.). Sympson suggested "brook," and Seward reads "beck" (=brook). Cf. ii. 6. 6 above. Sk. remarks: "Just above (iii. 1. 30) we have—'Enter Palamon out of a *bush*.' And again below (iii. 6. 113) we have—'into your *bush* again!' We may compare also Arcite's expression—'your hawthorn-house' (iii. 1. 82) with Shakespeare's expression—'This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-*brake* our tiring-house' (*M. N. D.* iii. 1. 3), and again, 'enter into that *brake*' in the same scene, 77."

5. *But for one thing.* H. reads "but one thing," as "*for* serves no purpose but to mar both sense and rhythm." The change does not improve the measure, and mars the sense by shifting the accent from *one* to *thing*.

7. *Reck.* The quarto has "wreake," as the word is sometimes spelled in the early eds. of S. So *reckless* is sometimes spelled "wreakless." The verb *jaw* is not found elsewhere in S.

19. *Fed.* The quarto has "feed."

20. *Be bold to ring the bell.* "You may, without hesitation, begin to toll the bell for him; that is, he is certainly dead" (Sk.). H. thinks the reference is probably to "the bell of the prison, which will be rung as an alarm-signal when Palamon is found to have escaped."

21. *All 's char'd.* The deed is done. For the noun *chare* (the Yankee "chore"), see *A. and C.* p. 210. Sk. says: "The present passage is particularly well illustrated by the old proverb, given in Hazlitt's collection, 'That *char* is *char'd* (that business is done). as the good wife said when she had hanged her husband.' In the *Marriage of Wit and Science* (Hazlitt's *Old Plays*, ii. 375), we have—

'This char is char'd well now, Ignorance, my son,
Thou seest all this, how featly it is done.'

We also find, in B. and F., the spelling *chewre;* as in *Love's Cure*, iii. 2: 'Here 's two *chewres chewr'd*.'"

25. *Mop'd.* Moping, stupid. Cf. *Ham.* p. 237.

26, 27. *Food took I none*, etc. We follow the old eds. except in the

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pointing. Cf. iv. 3. 4 below. Sympson conjectured "'cept some water." Seward filled up a supposed gap thus:

> "Food took I none these two days, only sipt
> Some water, two nights I 've not clos'd my eyes," etc.

D. (followed by Sk. and H.) reads:

> "Food took I none these two days; once, indeed,
> I sipp'd some water; I've not clos'd mine eyes," etc.

H. has, however, "have" for "I've." L. says: "It is possible that some words have dropped out; guessing can avail little in such a case."

28. *Brine.* The old eds. have "bine;" corrected by Tonson. Cf. i. 3. 22 above.

29. *Lest I should drown*, etc. "The enumeration of deaths should be noticed, and their connection with insanity" (L.). Cf. i. 1. 142 and iv. 3. 30 below; also *Temp.* iii. 3. 58.

31. *State of nature.* "Natural reasoning power" (Sk.). Cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 290 and *Mach.* i. 3. 140.

Together. Apparently = altogether; otherwise it seems a strange word here. We wonder that somebody has not suggested "fall together" (=collapse).

33. *Next.* Nearest. Cf. *W. T.* p. 181.

35. *Crickets . . . screech-owl.* Sk. quotes *Mach.* ii. 2. 16: "I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry."

36. *All offices are done*, etc. "All the duties of the day and night are done, and a new day is beginning; I alone have failed to give Palamon the file I brought for him, which might have saved him" (Sk.).

Spalding, who assigns this scene (with all the underplot) to Fletcher, says that there is "some pathos in several parts of the soliloquy, but little vigour in the expression, or novelty in the thoughts." Hickson remarks: "It is to this scene that we referred by anticipation as giving an instance of Shakespeare's judgment. It can hardly be said to explain any necessary circumstance; . . . but it supplies the due gradation between a mind diseased and madness; and in connection with another scene at which we shall shortly arrive, it displays a depth of insight into the psychological character of this state only exceeded by Shakespeare himself, in *Lear*. Let our readers observe in particular the unselfish anxiety for Palamon's safety, and her subsequent terror at her own disordered senses. The introduction of the popular notion that wild beasts 'have a sense to know a man unarm'd' is quite a Shakespearian illustration; and we do not know an instance of finer drawing than this of her imagination painting, as absolute reality, the subject of her first fear. From this conviction (of Palamon's death) we come naturally to the concluding lines, beyond which the next step *is* madness."

SCENE III.—6. *Beastly.* Like a beast. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 3. 40: "We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey," etc. For the adverbial use, cf. *A. and C.* p. 178.

34. *Virginals.* "A keyed instrument, somewhat like a small pianoforte, probably so called because used by young girls" (Nares). It was

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VIRGINAL.

sometimes called *a pair of virginals;* as in Dekker's *Gul's Hornbooke:* "leap up and down like the nimble jacks of a pair of virginals." See also *Harper's Mag.* vol. lviii. p. 857. The noun is not used by S. (this scene is not his), but *virginalling* occurs in *W. T.* i. 2. 125.

41. *Thereby hangs a tale.* Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 159, *T. of S.* iv. 1. 60, *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 28, etc.

45. *Break.* That is, break our agreement.

51. *Fear me not.* Fear not for me. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 1. 70, etc.

53. *Keep touch.* See on ii. 3. 37 above.

"This is one of those scenes by the introduction of which Fletcher succeeded in spoiling a good play" (L.). Spalding says: "In most respects the scene is not very characteristic of either writer, but leans towards Fletcher; and one argument for him might be drawn from an interchange of sarcasms between the two kinsmen, in which they retort on each other former amorous adventures: such a dialogue is quite like Fletcher's men of gaiety; and needless degradation of his principal characters is a fault of which Shakespeare is not guilty."

Hickson says: "The 3d scene, without any doubt, is by Fletcher. Arcite brings 'food and files' to Palamon; and, after some patter of early reminiscences between them utterly out of character, they separate."

SCENE IV.—2. *Aglets.* "Properly, tags to laces, or (as here) the bright tops or heads of such tags" (Sk.); or "spangles" (L.). Coles

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(*Latin Dict.*) gives both "An Aglet (tag of a point), *æramentum ligulæ*," and also "An Aglet (a little plate of metal), *Bractea, Bracteola.*" Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 3. 26:

> "yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
> All in a silken camus lilly-white,
> Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
> Which all above besprinckled was throughout
> With golden *aygulets*, that glistred bright,
> Like twinckling starres."

See also *T. of S.* p. 138, note on *Aglet-baby*.

9. *Run.* The early eds. have "Vpon" or "Upon." Seward reads "Up with," and Weber (followed by D. and H.) "Spoom" (Theo. had suggested "Spoon"), which they explain as = "let her spoom." *Run* is the emendation of Sk., who says: "The old text has '*Upon* her,' where the first two letters are clearly due to the repetition of the *Up* of the next line; and the most likely word is one which shall be a short monosyllable, ending with *n*. Nearly all the modern editions read *Spoom her*, from a conjecture of Weber's, founded on the fact that *spoom* occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Double Marriage*, ii. 1; but the word *spoom*, in that passage, is an intransitive verb, meaning to sail steadily, and is a mere variation, apparently, of *spume* (foam), as if the sense were to throw up foam. Nares remarks: 'an attempt has been made to introduce *spoom* into the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, iii. 4, but with small critical judgment.'"

10. *Course.* A name applied to the large lower sails of a ship. See *Temp.* p. 111, note on *Set her two courses*.

14. *Carack.* A large ship. See *Oth.* p. 160. Sk. says: "Cotgrave has '*Carraque*, the huge ship termed a Carricke.' Cf. Span. *carraca*, Ital. *caracca*, a ship of heavy burden."

15. *Pigmies.* "A fabulous people, said to be of the height of a *pygme* (πυγμή), or 13½ inches, mentioned by Homer (*Iliad*, iii. 5) as dwelling on the shores of Ocean, and at times subject to attacks by cranes. Dwarfs have often been credited with supernatural powers, especially in Northern mythology" (Sk.). Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 278.

19. Sk. suggests that this *Song* may have been part of an old ballad. He compares *The Nut-brown Maid:*

> "Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
> Yf ye wyll go with me:
> As cut your here up by your ere,
> Your kyrtel by the kne."

22. *He 's.* A vulgar contraction of *he shall*, still in use in the North of England. Cf. Gr. 461. See also *Lear*, p. 248, note on 220. Sk. (as quoted by L.) suggests that it be printed *He s'*.

For *cut* as applied to a horse, see 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 156, or *T. N.* p. 139 (note on *Call me cut*). Cf. also v. 2. 44 below.

25. *O for a prick now*, etc. Allusions to the old idea that the nightingale presses her breast against a thorn while singing are very common in the poets. Cf. *P. P.* 379:

> "Everything did banish moan,
> Save the nightingale alone;

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She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty," etc.

Hickson says of this scene: "there is some affectation of nautical language (why, Heaven only knows), and the rest is mere incoherent nonsense." Spalding has nothing of importance to say about it.

SCENE V.—*The Bavian.* A character sometimes introduced into the *morris-dance*, dressed up as a baboon. He performed some pantomimic tumbling, with occasional barking like a dog. Cf. 33–37 below.

2. *Tediosity* and *disensanity* are the pedantic coinage of the Schoolmaster.

L. compares *The Spanish Curate*, iii. 2:

"I have taught these twenty years,
Preach'd spoonmeat to ye, that a child might swallow,
Yet ye are blockheads still."

8. *Frize.* A coarse woollen cloth (cf. *Oth.* p. 173), as *jane* was a cheap cotton one. For the latter the old eds. have "jave;" corrected by D. Seward has "sleave" (cf. *Macb.* p. 191), and K. "jape."

11. *Medius fidius.* "An old Latin oath, apparently short for *me dius Fidius adiuvet*, may the divine Fidius help me! If *fidius* stands for *filius*, then it means, may the divine son of Jupiter help me! The reference, in that case, is most likely to the god Hercules" (Sk.).

18. *Meleager.* The hero who slew the monstrous *boar* in the woods of Calydon. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 153, note on 231.

21. *Trace.* A term in dancing. L. quotes several instances of the noun; as Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* June: "trimly trodden traces;" *Handful of Pleasant Delites:* "Yet daunceth on the trace," etc.

29. *Deliverly.* Nimbly. Under the adjective, Nares quotes Holinshed: "nimble, leane, and deliver men;" and, again: "all of them being tall, quicke, and deliver persons," etc.

38. *Quousque tandem?* How long? evidently from Cicero's 1st *Oration against Catiline:* "Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?"

41. *Wash'd a tile.* Laboured in vain. "It is a Latin proverb, *laterem lavare*, and occurs in Terence, *Phormio*, i. 4. 9. There is a similar proverb in Greek, πλίνθους πλύνειν, to wash bricks" (Sk.).

42. *Fatuus.* Foolish.

43. *Hilding.* A term of contempt. See *R. and J.* p. 172.

45. *Sempster.* Sempstress; which word has a double feminine affix, *-ster* being originally feminine, as it still is in *spinster*. Cf. the old play of *The Roaring Girl* (quoted by Nares):

"*S.* A sempster speak with me, sayst thou?
N. Yes, sir, she 's there *viva voce*."

48. *Wine and bread.* That is, the sacrament. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 177: "God's bread! it makes me mad."

Break. That is, break her promise. H. has "brake," which is probably a misprint.

49. *An eel and woman*, etc. Sk. says: "In Hazlitt's *Collection of*

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Proverbs we find 'There is as much hold of his words as of a wet eel by the tail.' Who the 'learned poet' is, I cannot say. Plautus (*Pseudolus*, ii. 4. 56) has 'anguilla est, elabitur.'"

53. *A fire-ill take her!* "Pox take her!" (Nares). Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 142. Seward reads "feril" (=ferule), and Sk. "wildfire."

58. *Frampal.* Pettish, perverse. We find the form *frampold* in *M. W.* ii. 2. 94. See our ed. p. 146.

60. *Alow.* Low down; "possibly referring to the appearance of a ship on the horizon" (Sk.). Quite as likely, as L. suggests, it is a mere exclamation.

67. *I come.* The early eds. omit *I*, which was supplied by Jonson. Weber reads "we come."

68. *Howlet.* Owlet. See *Macb.* p. 228.

74. *I' the nick.* That is, in the nick of time.

80. *Tell ten.* Count ten. "It was a trial of idiocy to make the person count his fingers" (Weber). For *tell*, cf. *Temp.* p. 123. See also v. 4. 56 below.

For *bur* as an interjection of impatience when one is about to tell what is already known, see *Ham.* p. 208, or *Macb.* p. 243.

87. *Qui passa.* Here passes (Italian); unexplained in this connection. It may be the contracted name of some old tune. The *bells* are those of the morris-dancers. For the *bones* as instruments of music, see *M. N. D.* p. 173, note on *The tongs and the bones.*

88. *To a peace.* "To be quiet" (Sk.); or, perhaps, to an alliance with us, to joining our dance (L.). Mason would read "a place," and Weber suggests "a pace" (=a dance).

89. *Et opus exegi*, etc. From Ovid, *Met.* xv. 871:

> "Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira nec ignes
> Nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas."

101. *A cold beginning.* A play on *hail.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 339. Walker cites Dekker, *Old Fortunatus:*

> "*Andalocia.* Brother, all hail!
> *Shadow.* There 's a rattling salutation."

L. adds, from *The Faithful Friends*, iii. 2:

> "*Pergamus.* All hail!
> *Learchus.* He begins to storm already."

and Cleveland, *A zealous Discourse between the Person of the Parish and Tabitha:*

> "Hail, Sister, to your snowy Breast—
> The Word permitteth us to jeast," etc.

104. *Distinguish villager.* Mark as villagers or peasants.

106. *Rable.* The pedagogue's rhyming variation of *rabble*, as *choris* of *chorus*. So in 113 he accents *machine* on the first syllable.

112. *Ferula.* Sk. says: "It was made of wood and shaped like a battledore, but with the bat much diminished, so as to be adapted for administering a severe pat on the palm of the victim's hand. In a picture called 'The Schoolmaster,' by Gerard Douw, in the Fitzwilliam Museum,

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Cambridge, it will be seen that the master holds a *ferula* in his left hand, ready for use."

114. For the alliteration, cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 147; and see our ed. p. 184.

118. *Mickle.* Much, great. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 169.

123. *This tenour.* To this tenour, to this effect.

124. *Penner.* A pen-case, a case for holding pens (Nares); used here, of course, as a symbol for what he has *penned.*

125. Sk. remarks: "We have here a list of the characters in the Morris-dance—namely, the Lord of May, the Lady of May (also called Queen of May, or Maid Marian), the Chambermaid, the Servingman, the Host, the Hostess, etc.; to which should be added the Bavian or Tumbler, and the Clown or Jester, who was seldom absent from such festivities. By putting together the account in this part of the scene and the preceding part, we may make out the list of the twelve principal characters, six of each sex, with the persons who took the parts:

"*Male.* 1. Lord of May; 2. Servingman; 3. Host; 4. Clown; 5. Bavian; 6. Taborer.

"*Female.* 7. Lady of May; 8. Chambermaid; 9. Hostess; 10. 11. 12. Dancers.

"The parts may be thus distributed among the actors:

"*Male.* 1. 2. 3. 4. First, Second, Third, and Fourth Countrymen; 5. A fifth Countryman; 6. A man named Timothy.

"*Female.* 7. Friz; 8. Gaoler's Daughter, taking the place of Cicely (for it is clearly the Second Countryman's partner who failed to appear); 9. Maudlin; 10. Luce; 11. Barbary; 12. Nell.

"In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, iv. 5, we have 'Enter Ralph, dressed as a May-lord;' he describes himself as having a 'gilded staff, and crossed scarf.'"

127. *Silent hanging.* Tapestry, behind which to hide. *Silent* may be ="that does not rustle" (Sk.). Cf. *K. John*, p. 163, note on *Within the arras.*

128. *Welcomes.* Changed by most of the editors to "welcome," as *Informs* below to "Inform." L. remarks: "With Mr. Skeat, I have left this passage as it stands in the old eds., objections to the *grammar* seeming hypercritical, and to a student of Dr. Abbott's *Shakes. Gr.* almost absurd." *Their* is also generally changed to "his;" but the plural is implied in *traveller.*

131. *Beast-eating.* Mason conjectures "beef-eating." H. is probably right in making it =eating *like* a beast. The *Fool* and the *Bavian* are of course the same character. See on 125 above.

132. *With long tail.* H. prints "with long long tail" (a misprint?).

137. *Intrate, filii*, etc. The old eds. give this to "*Pir.*," but Colman is clearly right in transferring it to Gerrold.

139. *Ye with.* The old eds. have "thee with;" corrected by Seward. In 142 the quarto has "three" for *thee.*

156. *Lets.* Hindrances. Cf. *R. of L.* 330: "these lets attend the time," etc.

157. *Doucets.* "The testes of a deer;" a word not used by S., but often by Fletcher and B. J. Cf. Nares.

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Spalding refers to "the learned and high-fantastical schoolmaster Gerrold" as "a personage who has the pedantry of Shakespeare's Holofernes, without one solitary spark of his humour." Hickson says that the scene is "not only imitation, but the imitation of a young and inexperienced writer."

SCENE VI.—10. *Out-dure.* Outlast, endure; printed as two words in the quarto.

22. *Beneficial.* Beneficent; as in *C. of E.* i. 1. 152, *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 56, etc.

24. *Quit.* Requite; as often in S. See *Rich. II.* p. 208, note on 43. Cf. v. 4. 35 below.

30. *Like meeting of two tides.* Spalding notes Fletcher's "want of distinctness in grasping images, and inability to see fully either their picturesque or their poetical relations;" in illustration of which he quotes this passage and 83 fol. below: "When I saw you charge first," etc.

59. *Grand-guard.* A piece of defensive armour, of which the best description that we have seen is in Meyrick's *Ancient Armour* (quoted by D.): "It has over the breast, for the purpose of justing, what was called the *grand-garde*, which is screwed on by three nuts, and protects the left side, the edge of the breast, and the left shoulder."

82. *Virtue.* Valour (the Latin *virtus*). Cf. *Cor.* p. 195.

87. *Strait.* Tight; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 57: "your strait strossers," etc.

106. *For none but such*, etc. Seward remarks: "Our scene lies rather in the land of *knight-errantry* than of Athens; our authors follow Chaucer, and dress their heroes after the manners of his age, when trials by the sword were thought just, and the conquered always supposed guilty and held infamous."

112. *Safety.* The early eds. have "safely;" corrected by Seward.

131. *Fears me.* Frightens me. See *M. of V.* p. 137, or *K. John*, p. 147.

133. *Have at thy life.* "The usual exclamation of warning" (L.).

147. *Thine own.* The early eds. have "this owne" or "this own;" corrected by D. For the accent of *edict*, cf. 170 below. See also *M. N. D.* p. 129.

161. *Soon.* Easy, ready.

162. *And no more mov'd.* "And I am no more moved than thou wouldst be in giving the order" (Sk.). *Where*=whereas. See Gr. 134.

177. *Thy cousin's soul.* Referring to Hercules. See on i. 1. 66 above.

192. *Kill.* The old reading, changed by some to "kills." For many similar examples of the "confusion of proximity," see Gr. 412.

217. *Right.* Downright, true. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 171, or Gr. 19.

228. *Bow not.* Do not try to bend or bring down. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 73: "necessity so bow'd the state," etc.

238. *Fail.* The old eds. have "fall," which L. retains. He quotes Dr. Ingleby, who says: "Cf. 274 below: 'Let it not fall again, sir.' These are remarkable instances of the use of this intransitive verb as a synonym of *fail*. . . . *Fall*, of course, is the opposite of *succeed*. Now our word for this is *fail*. Cf. *Sir John Oldcastle*: 'Alas! poor rebels, there your aid

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must fall.' There is also one example in *The London Prodigal*, and two in *Isaiah*—xxxi. 3 and lix. 14, 15."

242. *Name's opinion.* The reputation of my name. The early eds. have "name; opinion." The correction was suggested by Theo., and is adopted by K., D., Sk., and H. L. reads "name, opinion!" and says: "*Opinion* is emphatic, and is used here (as again by Fletcher) in the sense of *notoriety, disrepute.* Cf. *Thierry and Theodoret*, ii. 2:

> "my fair reputation,
> If I thrust into crowds, and seek occasions,
> Suffers opinion.'"

D. points the passage thus:

> "Think how you maim your honour
> (For now I am set a-begging, sir, I am deaf
> To all but your compassion); how their lives
> Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion!"

Sk. says: "This can only mean—Think how you maim your honour; (for now that I begin to beg, I am deaf to all but your pity); think how their lives, etc. But this makes no sense, and can only be made into sense by altering *lives* into *deaths;* and even then it is not clear why their deaths should damage her good name, at any rate in her own estimation. I take the sentence to mean something very different—namely, Think how you maim your honour! [After which there is a pause; and then a new thought arises.] For now that I have begun to beg, sir, I am deaf to all but your compassion; (I am deaf to the thought) how their lives may bring about the loss of my reputation. That this is clearly right, may be seen from a perusal of 220–226." It seems to us that this is the general idea of the passage, but that it is more simply and directly brought out by the pointing in the text (given, without comment, by H.), which makes *How their lives*, etc., a contemptuous or indignant exclamation, referring to what Theseus has said in 220–226.

244. *Proin.* The early eds. have "proyne" or "proyn;" changed by later editors to "prune" (of which it is an old form) until D. restored it as *proin.* He has been followed by Sk., L., and H. L. cites examples of it from B. J., Milton (*Comus*, 378), Gascoigne, and Bacon (*Essay* 50).

248. *That ever lov'd.* D. and H. adopt Walker's conjecture of "lov'd them," which is in keeping with "the Fletcherian rhythm," but unnecessary.

251. *Woe worth me.* Woe be to me. Sk. remarks: "The A. S. verb *weordian*, to become, cognate with the German *werden*, once in very common use, now survives only in such phrases as 'woe *worth* thee,' or 'woe *worth* the day.'"

258. *Cut a-pieces.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 80: "torn a-pieces." Gr. 24, 140.

272. *Make death a devil.* "Though you should make death as formidable as a devil" (L.). Sk. considers the expression "obscure," and suggests that it means "I will turn death into a horrible monster;" but L. is clearly right.

276. *To your husband.* For your husband. See *Temp.* p. 124, note on *A paragon to their queen.*

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284. *From that mouth.* By a sentence pronounced by her.

295. *Pyramid.* Apparently =*pillar* in the same sentence. Chaucer mentions two *stakes*, one at each side of the lists (Sk.).

Whether. Which of the two. Cf. iv. 2. 48 below; also *Matt.* xxi. 31, xxiii. 19.

299. *And all his friends.* Sk. remarks here: "Some readers have expressed surprise at the apparently strange doom of Theseus, in decreeing death not only to the principal, but to 'all his friends,' if worsted in the combat. Chaucer does not, it is true, go so far as this; but it was quite in accordance with the spirit of the age even in Fletcher's time. Seward's note on the subject is much to the purpose: 'As to the probability of their procuring each three seconds upon such odd terms, it may shock us to suppose any such gallant idiots; but even so low as our authors' age it was reckoned cowardice to refuse any man, even a stranger, to be a second in almost any duel whatever, of which there is a most inimitable burlesque in [Beaumont and Fletcher's play of] *The Little French Lawyer.* Mankind were mad after knight-errantry; and the reader must catch a little of the spirit himself, or he 'll lose a great part of the beauties of this play; he must kindle with the flames of military glory, think life a small stake to hazard in such a combat, and death desirable to the conquered as a refuge from shame.' In Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Lover's Progress*, ii. 3, the seconds fight as well as the principals. Perhaps the most striking instance is afforded by the ferocious duel fought in Kensington Gardens, on the 15th of November, 1712; in which not only the principals, Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, were both killed, but the seconds fought with fierce hatred, though interrupted before either of them was slain. See Chambers's *Book of Days*, ii. 583."

304. *Miscarry.* Perish. Cf. *T. N.* p. 152. See also v. 3. 101 below.

Spalding says that this scene "is a spirited and excellent one; but its tone is Fletcher's, not Shakespeare's." Hickson considers it "of a much higher character than either of the preceding" scenes.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—4. *Business.* Here a trisyllable.

11. *Compassion.* A quadrisyllable. Gr. 479.

14. *That I hope.* So that I hope. Gr. 283.

16. *Scape.* "It is quite unnecessary to prefix an apostrophe, as Mr. Knight does [so H. and others]; it is a common old spelling" (Sk.). Cf. *Macb.* p. 214, note on *Scap'd.* In 20 below the quarto has "escapt."

35. *Where did she sleep?* The early eds. have "When" for *Where*, which was suggested by D.

37. *Mind her.* Think of her, call her to mind. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 53: "Minding true things by what their mockeries be."

41. *Innocent.* Idiot. See on i. 3. 79 above.

45. *Not right.* Not sane, not in her right mind. L. says that "the

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expression is still heard in Ireland in this sense." It is also common enough in this country.

48. *You have told.* The early eds. omit *have*, which Seward supplied.

55. *Attending.* "Watching for, waiting for" (Sk.).

58. *Smallness.* Sk. quotes *T. N.* i. 4. 32:

"thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound."

Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 49: "speaks small like a woman."

60. *His.* Its. Gr. 228.

64. *Glade.* Sometimes =an open track in the wood, as here one cut through the reeds.

71. *Bevy.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 4: "In all this noble bevy," etc. Wedgwood quotes Florio: "*Beva*, a drinking; a bevy, as of pheasants."

75. *Antic.* "An *antique* dance, a quaint dance" (Sk.). *Antick* and *antique* are used interchangeably in the early eds. of S. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 179.

80. *Willow, willow, willow.* For this old song, see *Oth.* p. 203, note on 39.

89. *Of rushes.* Alluding to the rush-rings used in mock-marriages. Cf. *A. W.* p. 150, note on *Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger.*

90. *Posies.* Short mottoes, often inscribed on rings, knives, etc. See *M. of V.* p. 164.

91. *Lose.* The old eds. have "loose" (as in 77 above); but, as Sk. and L. agree, it is only an old spelling for *lose.*

107. *The Broom.* A very popular old song. Weber quotes it from an old interlude thus:

"Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill, hill:
Brome, brome on Hive hill," etc.

108. *Bonny Robin.* Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 187: "For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy;" and see our ed. p. 252.

For the *tailor* making a *wedding-gown*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 177, note on *A woman's tailor.*

110. *Rarely.* Early; the reading of the old eds., changed by Weber and others to "rearly," which is only another spelling of the word (L.). Halliwell (*Archaic Dict.*) gives *rare*=early, as a Devonshire word.

111. *Minstrels.* A trisyllable. Gr. 477. Cf. *tackling* in 134 below.

112. *O fair, O sweet*, etc. D. notes that among "Certaine Sonets" at the end of Sidney's *Arcadia*, ed. 1598, p. 474, we find one beginning—"Oh faire, O sweet, when I do looke on thee," etc.

117. *Means.* The early eds. have "meane;" corrected by Colman. In the next line they have "For" for *Far*, which is found in Tonson.

135. *Weigh.* That is, weigh anchor. For *cheerly*=cheerily, cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 29: "Cheerly, good hearts!"

136. *Owgh, owgh, owgh.* "Obviously intended to represent the sounds uttered by sailors while weighing the anchor. The Gaoler and his friends humour the daughter by pretending to do as she wishes them. When the anchor is supposed to be weighed, they say—*'t is up!*" (Sk.).

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137. *Top.* Raise or tighten. "The *bowling* or *bowline* is used to keep the weather-edge of a square sail tight forward, when the ship is close-hauled" (Sk.). Cf. *Pericles*, p. 146.

140. *What kenn'st thou?* What do you descry? In the reply, L. suggests that there is a play on *wood* or *wode*=mad. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 192: "And here am I, and wode within this wood;" and see our ed. p. 147.

Spalding remarks: "The 4th act may safely be pronounced wholly Fletcher's. All of it, except one scene, is taken up by the episodical adventures of the Gaoler's Daughter; and, while much of it is poetical, it wants the force and originality, and, indeed, all the prominent features of Shakespeare's manner, either of thought, illustration, or expression." Hickson shows that the Gaoler's Daughter is not, as some have asserted, a copy of Ophelia. "The description in this scene has a certain resemblance to the circumstances of the death of Ophelia, and was probably written with that scene in view. It has no reference whatever to the *character* of the Gaoler's Daughter, and it is the only circumstance in the whole play common to her and to Ophelia."

SCENE II.—16. *Jove.* The early eds. have "Love;" corrected by Seward.

It is strange, as L. notes, that D. and Sk. (and H. may be added) follow Mason in making *such another* refer to *smile* (implied in *smiling*), and not to *eye*, as it clearly does.

18. *Constellation.* The Greeks identified the zodiacal constellation *Aquarius* with Ganymede.

21. *Pelops' shoulder.* "Tantalus, the favourite of the gods, once invited them to a repast, and on that occasion killed his own son Pelops, and having boiled him, set the flesh before them that they might eat it. But the immortal gods, knowing what it was, did not touch it; Demeter alone, being absorbed by grief for her lost daughter, consumed the *shoulder* of Pelops. Hereupon the gods ordered Hermes to put the limbs of Pelops into a cauldron, and thereby restore him to life. When the process was over, Clotho took him out of the cauldron, and as the shoulder consumed by Demeter was wanting, the goddess supplied its place by one made of ivory; his descendants (the Pelopidæ) as a mark of their origin, were believed to have one shoulder *as white as ivory*" (Smith's *Classical Dict.*).

Fame and Honour, etc. Sk. compares B. and F., *Philaster*, iv. 4:

> "Place me, some god, upon a pyramis
> Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
> Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
> I may discourse to all the underworld
> The worth that dwells in him!"

27. *Swarth.* Swarthy. The word occurs in *T. A.* ii. 3. 72. For *swart*, see *K. John*, p. 152.

35. *Lewdly.* Wickedly. See 2 *Hen. VI.* p. 158.

38. *These the eyes.* The reading of the quarto, which Sk. retains. The editors generally change *the* to "thy," as the folio does; but Emilia is supposed to be looking at the portrait.

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39. *These.* H. adopts Mason's "They're."

44. *A changeling.* Referring to the old notion that the fairies would steal beautiful babies, and leave ugly elves in their place. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 138. For the contemptuous use of *gipsy*, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 44: "Dido a dowdy, Cleopatra a gipsy," etc.

45. *Sotted.* Besotted, infatuated.

46. *Virgin's.* Seward, D., and H. read "virgin."

48. *Whether.* Which of the two; as in iii. 6. 295 above.

49. *Now if my sister*, etc. "And now, if my sister had asked me, I should have said I was more inclined to Palamon" (Sk.).

52. *Fancy.* Love. See *M. of V.* p. 148. Cf. v. 3. 103 and v. 4. 118 below.

53. *Gawds.* Baubles, toys. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 126.

63. *Joy.* Rejoice. Some editors have printed "mothers' joy."

67. *Fair.* H. adopts Walker's conjecture of "six."

74. *These.* The folio has "those," which some prefer.

81. *Fire.* The early eds. have "faire" or "fair;" corrected in Heath's MS. notes, and independently by D. Cf. Chaucer:

> "The *cercles of his eyen* in his heed
> They *gloweden* bytwixe yelwe and reed,
> And lyk a griffoun lokede he aboute."

85. *Arm'd long and round.* Seward and H. read "Arms long and round;" which of course is what is meant.

86. *Baldrick.* Belt. See *Much Ado*, p. 123. *Curious* = elaborate, elegant. Cf. *Pericles*, p. 135.

97. *What he fights for.* That is, love.

104. *Ivy-tods.* The eds. all have "ivy-tops," but, as L. says "tops" is obviously a misprint for *tods*. "Ivy-tops" are not mentioned by any writer, but *ivy-tods* (thick bushes of ivy) are often alluded to by B. and F.

105. *Not to undo with thunder.* Not to be destroyed by thunder. Sk. remarks: "It was supposed that some plants were thunder-proof. In the 'Poet-Prologue' to Beaumont's *Four Plays in One*, we have the expression, 'thunder-fearless verdant bays.'"

106. *The warlike maid.* Probably referring to Pallas (Minerva).

109. *Crown.* The old eds. have "corect" or "correct;" corrected by Seward. L. reads "court," which is perhaps to be preferred. In the MS. it might easily be mistaken for "corect."

114. *Clean.* Sk. quotes *L. L. L.* v. 2. 642: "Hector was not so clean-timbered."

122. *Well dispos'd.* "Well placed or situated. It is evident that the poet wishes to express that the few freckles on the hero's face were rather becoming to him. This curious line is probably due to an attempt to improve upon Chaucer" (Sk.). In the *Knightes Tale*, Emetrius is said to have "A few fraknes [freckles] in his face yspreynd" [sprinkled].

125. *Auburn.* Spelled "aborne" in the quarto. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 163, note on *Young Abraham Cupid.*

131. *Grey-eyed.* Cf. *R. and J.* p. 169.

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132. *Which yields compassion*, etc. Which indicates that he will be merciful to the vanquished.

137. *The winner's oak.* Probably alluding to "the oaken garland" (*Cor.* ii. 1. 137), or *corona civica* of the Romans. "For whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland" (North's *Plutarch*). See *Cor.* p. 171.

140. *Charging-staff.* Probably =lance. Sk. thinks that possibly a *warder* (see *Rich. II.* p. 163) may be meant.

144. Seward (followed by Colman and H.) reads

"they would show bravely
Fighting about the titles," etc.

154. *Bravery.* Splendor, display. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 165.

Hickson calls this scene "Fletcher's masterpiece." Spalding says: "In the soliloquy of the lady, while the poetical spirit is well preserved, the alternations of feeling are given with an abruptness and a want of insight into the nicer shades of association, which resemble the extravagant stage effects of the *King and No King* infinitely more than the delicate yet piercing glance with which Shakespeare looks into the human breast in the *Othello;* the language, too, is smoother and less powerful than Shakespeare's, and one or two classical allusions are a little too correct and studied for him."

SCENE III.—6. *Lards it.* Is mixed up with it. Cf. *Ham.* p. 247.

7. *Farces.* Fills; literally, stuffs. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 280: "The farced title running fore the king." For *forced* in the same sense, see *T. and C.* v. 1. 64: "wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit." Cf. our ed. p. 185.

11. *Down-a.* Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 170: "You must sing, *Down a-down, and you call him a-down-a.*"

13. *Dido.* Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 14. 53: "Dido and her Æneas shall want troops," etc.

18. *Piece of silver.* Alluding to the obolus which Charon was supposed to demand for ferriage over the Styx, and which was placed in the mouth of the corpse for that purpose. For references to Charon, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 4. 46 and *T. and C.* iii. 2. 11.

20. *Are—there's*, etc. The quarto has "as the'rs" and the folio "as there's;" corrected by Mason. L. defends the old reading.

23. *Proserpine.* Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 116 and *T and C.* ii. 1. 37.

26. *Barley-break.* A rural game often alluded to in the old dramatists. It was played in various ways, but generally in the South of England by six persons, three of each sex. The general idea of it was that one couple should try to catch the rest, when within certain boundaries, without letting go each other's hands. Cf. Nares.

35. *Engraffed.* Rooted, deep-fixed. Cf. *Lear*, p. 177, note on *Long-ingraffed.*

42. *Perturbed mind*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* v. 3. 40: "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd," etc.

50. *A great pen'worth.* A good bargain. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 650: "though

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the pennyworth on his side be the worst" (that is, though he get the worst of the bargain), etc.

For *state*=estate, see *M. of V.* p. 151, note on *Estate*.

62. *Green.* "Simple, silly" (Sk.). Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 250, etc.

68. *Carve her.* Carve for her. Sk. remarks: "Mr. Knight inserted *for* before *her;* but the following extract from Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *Love's Pilgrimage* (i. 1) will shew that the text is right as it stands:

> '*Incubo.* I 'll try your kid,
> If he be sweet: he looks well. [*Tastes it.*] Yes; he is good.
> I 'll *carve you*, sir.
> *Philippo.* You use me too too princely;
> Taste and carve too!
> *Incubo.* I love to do these offices.'

"And again in Beaumont's Poems (in Beaumont's and Fletcher's *Works*, ed. Dyce, xi. 483), we find the line,

> 'Drink to him, *carve him*, give him compliment.'"

For *carving to* (or *for*) a person as a mark of affection, see *C. of E.* p. 120, note on 117. The phrase was also applied to certain gestures of an amorous sort (see *M. W.* p. 137, note on *Carves*), and H. may be right in explaining it so here. The quarto has "crave her;" corrected in the folio.

69. *Still among.* All the while, ever with the rest. Walker compares Sidney, *Arcadia*, book iv.: "And ever among she would sauce her speech," etc. He cites other passages which do not seem to us parallel; as Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 12. 11:

> "There they awhile together thus did dwell
> In much delight and many joys among;"

where it may be merely a transposition of "among many joys." Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 1007:

> "Till free consent the gods among
> Make her his eternal bride," etc.

None of the editors have quoted 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 23:

> "And lusty lads roam here and there
> So merrily,
> And ever among so merrily."

71. *Play-feres.* Playmates. Cf. *Pericles*, i. prol. 21: "The king unto him took a fere;" and see our ed. p. 129. See also v. 1. 116 below.

75. *What is.* Changed by Seward to "what are."

Out of square. L. quotes Edwardes, *Damon and Pythias:* "yet he is far out of square."

76. *Regiment.* Rule, government. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 6. 95: "And gives his potent regiment to a trull."

Approved. Proved. See *Much Ado*, p. 134.

80. *Success.* Issue, result. Cf. *J. C.* p. 151, note on *Opinions of success.*

Spalding gives this scene to Fletcher, to whom he assigns the entire underplot of the play; but Hickson is satisfied that Shakespeare is the author. He considers that it is like him "in style and language, and its freedom from all the marks of imitation;" and especially in its "high

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moral purpose," viewing in it "the natural punishment of the principal character for her ill-governed desires, and the mode she took of gratifying them." The "perfect coherence of the mad passages, and their pertinency to the general subject" (almost a test in itself), also stamp it as Shakespeare's.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The critics are almost unanimous in assigning this act, with the exception of the 2d scene, to Shakespeare; but Sk., L., and Fleay (see p. 35 above) agree that Fletcher wrote the opening lines. L. says that he had formed this opinion before Skeat's edition appeared. There are 13 double endings in the first 17 lines.

3. *Fires.* A dissyllable; as often. Gr. 480. Cf. *bonfires* in 86 below, and *sire* in ii. 5. 9 above.

4. *Swelling.* Theo. conjectured "smelling."

9. *Germane.* Akin; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 802: "those that are germane to him;" *T. of A.* iv. 3. 344: "germane to the lion," etc. The early eds. have "german," which is the same word; as in *cousin-german.* Cf. *humane* and *human* (see *Macb.* p. 218).

10. *To blow the nearness out,* etc. Sk. says: "This line is somewhat obscure. To *blow out* is to extinguish; and, if *nearness* means nearness in blood, the sense is—to extinguish that kinship that exists between you." Probably, however, *nearness* refers rather to their friendship than to their kinship. Dr. Ingleby (according to L.) conjectures "fierceness."

16. *Prayers.* A dissyllable; as not unfrequently. Sk. cites *M. W.* v. 5. 54: "That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said."

25. *Tender.* Regard, treat. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 4. 72: "As well I tender you and all of yours," etc. See also *Ham.* p. 244.

28. *Confound.* Destroy. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 151.

29. *Port.* It is doubtful, as Sk. says, whether this is here =bear, carry (Fr. *porter*), or =bring into port. The latter seems to us the more probable, though no other example has been found of this sense.

30. *Limiter.* Arbiter or shaper of our destinies.

34. *Lovers.* Friends; as in v. 4. 123 below. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 13: "Romans, countrymen, and lovers," etc. See also *M. of V.* p. 153. He calls them *sacrifices,* because they are to die with him if defeated.

37. *Father of it.* That is, the perception of danger which is ever the cause of fear. The early eds. have "farther off it;" corrected by Theo. L. defends the old reading thus: "*Apprehension* is the *perception of danger:* this underlies fear, is therefore farther off than fear is; beyond it, and so farther to reach and harder to eradicate." This is ingenious, but *father of it* seems the more natural expression here.

39. *Require.* Ask, beseech. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 144: "In humblest manner I require your highness," etc. See also i. 1. 93 above.

44. *Will stick.* The early eds. have "stickes" or "sticks;" corrected by Seward. H. reads "shall stick;" and L. conjectures "on me, where she sticks."

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46. *Cestron.* Cistern. Sk. notes that the word is spelled *cesterne* in the 1st folio in *Oth.* iv. 2. 62 and *A. and C.* ii. 5. 95.

49. *Hast turn'd*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 2. 61:

> "No, this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red."

The words *whose approach* were added by Seward, and something of the kind is evidently wanted. He adds: "that comets prewarn or foretel wars is the vulgar as well as poetical creed;" and he cites Milton, *P. L.* ii. 708:

> "like a comet burn'd,
> That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
> In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
> Shakes pestilence and war."

51. *Vast field.* Probably =boundless, wide-spread battle-fields; though it may have another sense of the Latin *vastus*, namely, desolated (L.).

53. *Foison.* Plenty. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 110: "Earth's increase, foison plenty" (the song of Ceres); and see our ed. p. 125.

54. *Armipotent.* The word is taken from Chaucer. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 650, 657, and *A. W.* iv. 3. 265. The old eds. have "armenypotent" or "armenipotent;" corrected by Seward.

62. *Enormous.* Abnormal, disorderly. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 176: "this enormous state;" and see our ed. p. 206.

66. *Plurisy.* Plethora, surplus. See *Ham.* p. 256.

68. In this invocation to Mars, if anywhere in the play, we have the fine gold of Shakespeare with no admixture of Fletcher's baser metal. As Hickson says, it is "unparalleled as an invocation," and "one of the grandest examples of the application of circumstances to the character of a power that we have ever met with."

69. *Glister.* S. does not use *glisten.* Cf. *M. of V.* p. 145.

73. *Do.* The plural is used because *whose* is plural. *You whose free nobleness do make*=you, who, in your free nobleness, do make.

79. *And weep*, etc. The reading of the early eds. Seward (followed by all the editors except L.) reads "To weep;" but, as L. remarks, "surely the idea of enforcement is sufficiently plain to allow the old reading to stand, *and make him weep* being the sense if expanded." Theo. conjectures "into a girl" = "till he become tender as a girl." *Weep unto*= weep before, weep in imploring the favour of.

83. *Before Apollo.* That is, sooner than Apollo, the god of medicine.

85. *Polled.* Shorn, bald-headed. The early eds. have "pould," which, as L. notes, probably indicates the old pronunciation. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 215, where the folio has "poul'd." See our ed. p. 257.

86. *Bonfires.* A trisyllable. See on 3 above.

87. *Skipt.* Jumped over or through, unsinged by the *flame. Have* (=has) is another example of "confusion of proximity." See on iii. 6. 192 above. "Skipping over bonfires was one of the customs observed on Midsummer's Eve" (L.).

89. *Abuse young lays.* That is, "murder the songs," as we say (Sk.).

92. *His mortal son.* Phaethon, whose mother, Clymene, was a mortal.

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Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 140, note on 153. *The huntress* is of course Diana, who fell in love with Endymion. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 109. For *moist*, as applied to Diana or the moon, see *Ham.* p. 175, note on *The moist star.*

102. *Liberal.* Free-spoken, wanton. Cf. *Ham.* p. 258.

L. quotes here the following from Fletcher's *Women Pleased*, i. 1:

> "I never call'd a fool my friend, a madman,
> That durst oppose his fame to all opinions,
> His life to unhonest dangers; I never lov'd him,
> Durst know his name, that sought a virgin's ruin,
> Nor took I pleasure in acquaintance
> With men, that give as loose reins to their fancies
> As the wild ocean to his raging fluxes:
> A noble soul I twin with," etc.

105. *Have hotly asked them*, etc. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 130: "Think we had mothers," etc. *Large*=loose, licentious. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 206, iv. 1. 53; and see our ed. p. 139.

108. *I knew a man*, etc. Furnivall (preface to New Shaks. Soc. ed. of Spalding's *Letter*, p. vi.) asks: "Again, is it likely—and again, I say, at the end of his career, with all his experience behind him—that Shakspere would make his hero Palamon publicly urge on Venus in his prayer to her, that she was bound to protect him because he 'd believed a wanton young wife's word that her old incapable husband was the father of her child? Is this the kind of thing that the Shakspere of Imogen, of Desdemona, of Queen Katherine, would put forward as the crown of his life and work?" Spalding refers to the passage as an "unpleasing sketch of the deformity of decrepit old age," but believes it to be Shakespeare's, as it is "largely impressed with his air of truth," etc. Hickson makes no comments on the passage.

113. *Globy.* Protruding.

114. *That.* So that; as in v. 3. 26 below. Gr. 283.

115. *Anatomy.* Skeleton. Cf. *K. John*, p. 160 (note on 40), or *T. N.* p. 149.

116. *Fere.* Mate, bride. See on iv. 3. 71 above.

120. *Defier.* Apparently =one who despises or spurns. For the verb in this sense, see *K. John*, p. 160.

122. *Close.* Private, secret. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 183.

123. *Concealments.* Things that should be concealed or kept secret.

126. *Soft sweet.* D. prints "soft-sweet."

131. *Chase.* Hunting-ground; as in *T. A.* ii. 3. 255: "Upon the north side of this pleasant chase," etc.

137. In the stage-direction *records* is =*recorders*, a kind of small flute or flageolet. See *M. N. D.* p. 183. *Still music*=soft music.

140. *Wind-fann'd snow.* Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 375:

> "or the fann'd snow that's bolted
> By the northern blasts twice o'er."

Sk. compares *Cor.* v. 3. 65. See also *T. of A.* iv. 3. 386, *Ham.* iii. 1. 141, and *Cymb.* ii. 5. 13.

On *female knights*, cf. *Much Ado*, v. 3. 13; and see our ed. p. 169.

144. *Green eye.* See the long note in *R. and J.* p. 198.

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145. *Maculate.* Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 97: "Most maculate thoughts," etc.

147. *Scurril.* Scurrilous. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 148: "scurril jests," etc.

Port=gate. See *Cor.* p. 211. Theo. and Dr. Ingleby conjecture "porch" (cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 63), but the figure is the same with either word.

151. *I have pointed.* That is, I have a husband pointed, or appointed, for me. For *pointed*, see *T. of S.* p. 148.

154. *Of mine eyes.* The early eds., and the modern ones down to that of D., make these words limit *election*.

158. *Pretenders.* "Aspirants; not in a bad sense" (Sk.).

161. *File and quality.* Position and office.

163. *General of ebbs and flows.* That is, ruler of the tides. Sk. says that this is "a very singular way of referring to the moon or Diana;" but cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 270: "That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs; *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 103: "the moon, the governess of floods;" 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 32: "governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon," etc.

165. *Advances.* Raises. See on i. 1. 93 above.

167. *A virgin flower*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 76:

> "But earthlier happier is the rose distill'd
> Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
> Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness."

172. *Unclasp.* Unfold, reveal. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 325: "unclasp my heart," etc.

SCENE II.—17. *Ho there, doctor!* Mason would read "Hold there;" but cf. v. 4. 41 below: "Hold, ho!"

20. *Honesty.* Chastity; as often. Cf. *Ham.* p. 218, note on *Honest.*

34. *Videlicet.* That is to say; as in *M. W.* i. 1. 140, *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 97, etc.

44. *Come cut and long tail.* A proverbial expression =whatever kind may come. It seems to have been originally used of dogs with tails clipped or unclipped, but came to be applied to horses also. Cf. iii. 4. 22 above, and see *M. W.* p. 155.

45. *Turns ye.* That is, *for* ye; the "ethical dative." See Gr. 220.

46. *He 'll dance*, etc. There is perhaps an allusion to Banks's famous horse. See *L. L. L.* p. 133, note on 52.

47. *Hobby-horse.* A figure in the morris-dances. See *Ham.* p. 225.

49. *Light o' Love.* A very popular dance-tune in the time of S. See *Much Ado*, p. 150.

59. *Bottles.* Bundles of hay. See *M. N. D.* p. 173.

60. *Strike.* Strikes, or bushels; still used in provincial English (Sk.). Bailey calls the strike "four bushels;" but, as L. suggests, this is probably a slip for "four *pecks*." The measure, however, like many others, may have varied in different localities.

62. *A miller's mare.* "A miller's mare, working round a beaten track (to drive the mill), was perhaps proverbial for her steady-going attention to business" (L.).

69. *Stool-ball.* A game played with a ball and one or two stools, very popular among young women.

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74. *Nice.* Scrupulous, punctilious.

82. *O, sir*, etc. Seward, Weber, and H. give this to the Gaoler.

Spalding says of this scene that it is "disgusting and imbecile in the extreme," and "may be dismissed with a single quotation: 'What stuff she utters!'" Hickson compares the scene with iv. 3 (ascribed to S.): "We must bear in mind the advice of the doctor in the former scene; he tells the wooer to take upon himself the name of Palamon, and to do whatever shall become Palamon, still aiming to intermingle his petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; but it could never be imagined from these directions that the 'union' was to take place under such circumstances.... The object sought was her restoration; and in the last scene of act v. the gaoler informs Palamon that his daughter

> 'is well restor'd,
> And shortly to be married.'

But turning to the second scene, we find the doctor saying, in reference to the wooer's telling him he had 'kissed her twice,'

> "'T was well done; twenty times had been far better,
> For there the cure lies mainly.'

That insight into the nature of his patient's disorder, displayed in so remarkable a manner by the doctor in a former scene, in this has left him; and his business here seems to be to recommend and nurse up a sensual idea into an alliance with better feelings. The daughter's brain still 'coins,' but the subjects are far-fetched, and have no relation to the speaker's condition or state of mind, nor do they help the progress of the play.... The former scene is in prose wholly, while this is in Fletcher's verse; but, in short, the tone and moral effect of the two scenes are so different, the same characters have so altered an aspect, the language, sentiments, and allusions are so unlike, that the case of any one who can read and deliberately compare them, and still believe them to be by the same writer, we must give over as hopeless."

SCENE III.—6. *I will stay here*, etc. The pointing is that of L., and essentially the same as in the old eds.; and the meaning is plain: *I will stay here* (...) *not taint mine eye*, etc. D. follows Weber in pointing thus:

> "With what shall happen—'gainst the which there is
> No deafing—but to hear, not taint," etc.

H. reads "No deafing; but I dare not taint," etc. *But to hear*=so as not to hear. See Gr. 122.

12. *In their kind.* In their nature, in reality; opposed to *pencill'd*=painted. For *kind*, cf. *A. W.* p. 141, note on *By kind.*

16. *Price.* Prize, reward. Cf. 31 below.

17. *Question's title.* "The title in dispute, the right of the controversy" (L.). D. and H. read "questant's" (cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 16); but here, as L. remarks, there being *two* questants, *to crown the questant's title* (that is, the disputant's title) would be unmeaning.

18. *Wink.* Shut my eyes. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 182.

21. *Envy.* Malice. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 151, note on *Envious.*

26. *That.* So that. See on v. 1. 114 above.

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28. *Set off.* Offset, cancel. For *to* with *guilty*, see *W. T.* p. 202.

42. *An engine bent.* An engine of war ready for use. *Bend*, which is properly used only of a bow, is often applied to other warlike instruments. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 37: "Our cannon shall be bent," etc. See also 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 87, *Rich. III.* i. 2. 95, *Lear*, iv. 2. 74, etc. In the stage-direction at iii. 1. 30 above we have "*bends his fist.*"

45. *Aspect.* Regularly accented on the last syllable in S. Cf. Gr. 490.

46. *Grav'd.* Deeply furrowed.

49. *His object.* Its object. Gr. 228.

54. *On him.* The old eds. have "on them;" corrected by Seward.

59. *The spoiling of his figure.* See p. 20 above.

63. *Ward.* Posture of defence. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 471: "Come from your ward," etc. *Offence*=blow, or offensive movement.

69. *Success.* Accented here on the first syllable. Cf. i. 1. 209 above.

70. *Prim'st.* For the superiative, cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 229: "the primest creature." For the contracted form (of which we have already had several examples in this play), see Gr. 473.

72. *Servant.* Lover. Cf. i. 1. 89 above.

75. *In't else.* Seward, Colman, and H. omit *else.*

80. *Pyramid.* See iii. 6. 295 above.

82. *Redemption.* Rescue (of Arcite).

83. *Tilters.* The early eds. have "Tytlers," which L. explains as "contenders about a title, questants." He adds that there were eight bold *tilters*, but only two bold *titlers.* It seems to us more natural to call Palamon and Arcite here the *tilters* than the *titlers.* If there were such a word as the latter, it ought to mean givers or possessors of titles rather than contenders about them. The change to *Tylters* was first made by Tonson, and all the eds. since have given *tilters.* The original reading seems to have been overlooked until L. called attention to it.

86. *Their single share*, etc. The share of *nobleness* belonging to each puts any living woman at a disadvantage in the comparison, shows her worth to be inferior. Line 87 is wanting in the folio, and was first restored from the quarto by Colman.

95. *Half-sights saw*, etc. We still speak of "seeing with half an eye."

96. *God's lid!* An oath commonly contracted into *'slid!* See *M. N. D.* p. 155. Emilia swears more like Queen Elizabeth than "like a comfit-maker's wife," as Hotspur says. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 177, note on 249.

99. *Go to law with.* Cope with, defend themselves against.

101. *Miscarry.* See on iii. 6. 304 above.

103. *Our fancies.* Our affections, our love. See on iv. 2. 52 above.

119. *Alcides.* Hercules. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 35, iii. 2. 55, *T. of S.* i. 2. 260, etc.

120. *A sow of lead.* The word *sow* is used like *pig* to denote a mass of smelted metal. See Wb. Sk. compares 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 118.

124. *Philomels.* Nightingales; as in *R. of L.* 1079, 1128, *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 12, etc.

127. *Out-breasted.* Outsung. Cf. *breast*=musical voice, in *T. N.* ii. 3. 20. See our ed. p. 136.

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130. *Hardly.* After hard fighting. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 115: "Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off" (with difficulty), etc.

133. *Pinch 'em.* "Vex them. It was in the very spirit of chivalry that a warrior should not care to survive defeat. This doom of Palamon and his three knights would be revolting, if it were not that the spectators might be expected to know enough of Chaucer's story to make them suspect that the sentence would not really be executed. To which must be added the consideration, that the spectators of plays in the time of James I. could behold, almost unmoved, many things which we now shudder even to read" (Sk.).

135. *Arm your prize.* That is, take her in your arms, embrace her. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 400: "come, arm him." K. explains it rather tamely by "Offer your arm to the lady you have won;" and Mason says, "Take her by the arm."

Spalding says of this scene, that the details "make it clear that Shakespeare's hand was in it." He adds: "The greater part, it is true, is not of the highest excellence; but the vacillations of Emilia's feelings are well and delicately given, some individual thoughts and words mark Shakespeare, there is little of his obscure brevity, much of his thoughtfulness legitimately applied, and an instance or two of its abuse."

SCENE IV.—5. *To live still.* L. is in doubt whether *still* modifies *live*, or *Have;* but it seems better to connect it with the former.

6. *We prevent.* Sk. reads "herein we prevent."

8. *Rheum.* Rheumatism. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 31: "Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum," etc.

Lag hours. Latter hours, or lingering hours; or, perhaps, combining the two meanings. Sk. quotes 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 23:

> "To entertain the lag-end of my life
> With quiet hours."

Attend for grey approachers=await aged comers *towards the gods*, or those who die in old age.

10. *Unwapper'd.* "Unworn, not debilitated" (D.). In *T. of A.* iv. 3. 38, we find *wappen'd* in the opposite sense (see our ed. p. 158); and it is a question whether the original word is *wappen* or *wapper*. As Sk. says, both are so rare that it is best to leave them unaltered.

11. *That.* "That is, who; referring to *we* in 9. In the next line *such* refers to the *grey approachers*" (Sk.).

13. *For.* Because; as in i. 2. 54 above. For *clear*, see on i. 2. 74 above.

15. *Too-too.* See *M. of V.* p. 143.

20. *Tottering Fortune.* Signifying, as Fluellen says (*Hen. V.* iii. 6. 35), "that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls."

23. *Taste to you.* Alluding to the ancient custom of having the king's food tasted before it was served, as a precaution against poison. See *Rich. II.* p. 220, note on *Taste of it first.*

35. *Quit.* Requite. Cf. iii. 6. 24 above. The old eds. have "quight;"

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and L. thinks we should read "quite," which he takes to be a distinct word from *quit*.

47. *Dearly*. The old eds. have "early;" corrected by Seward. Cf. 129 below; and for the intensive use of the word, see *A. Y. L.* p. 147.

50. *Owing*. Owning, having. See on i. 1. 88 above.

53. *Note*. Stigma. Cf. *R. of L.* 208: "sham'd with the note," etc.

54. *Allowance*. Authority, confirmation.

55. *Calkins*. Calks (or *corks*, as the word is often spelled and pronounced), or the points in a horseshoe that prevent slipping.

56. *Tell*. Count; as in iii. 5. 80 above. The calkins seemed to touch the stones lightly, like the fingers in counting.

60. *For, as they say*, etc. Probably alluding to the story of Pythagoras and the blacksmith's hammers. Cf. Longfellow, *To a Child:*

> "As great Pythagoras of yore,
> Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
> And hearing the hammers, as they smote
> The anvils with a different note,
> Stole from the varying tones that hung
> Vibrant on every iron tongue
> The secret of the sounding wire,
> And formed the seven-corded lyre."

Chappell says that the story is an absurd one, because "the tone of a bell cannot be altered in pitch by changing the weight of its clapper." The story is doubtless mythical, but if one wanted to defend it he might reply that possibly the blacksmith and his men were hammering on different anvils. It will be noted that Longfellow has "anvils."

62. *Cold as old Saturn*. A reference to the astrological descriptions of the planet Saturn, which was called *cold* because the god for whom it was named was represented as bearing the "frosty signs" of extreme old age. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 5. 12:

> "A pudency so rosy the sweet view on 't
> Might well have warm'd old Saturn."

Here the *fire malevolent* shows that the planet is meant. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 126, note on *Born under Saturn*.

66. *Toy*. "A freak, a sudden whim. Cf. *Philaster*, v. 3: 'What if a toy take 'em i' the heels now, and they run all away?' and North's *Plutarch:* 'When a mad mood or toy took him in the head'" (Sk.).

69. *Manage*. Used, as often, in the technical sense of the management or training of a horse. See *M. of V.* p. 153.

72. *Jadery*. "Jade's tricks" (*Much Ado*, i. 1. 145, *A. W.* iv. 5. 64, etc.). For *jade* as applied to a vicious nag, cf. 81 below. For *disseat*, cf. *Macb.* p. 249, note on 21.

77. *On end he stands*. The quarto prints thus:

> "He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hoofes
> on end he stands
> That *Arcites* leggs being higher then his head," etc.

This indicates either that the compositor could not make out the "copy," or that the first part of the line somehow dropped out after it was put in type. The sense, however, is complete, and it seems better to leave the

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text as it is than to read "Quickly uprearing, so on end he stands," as H. does. Sk. thinks that "the half-line is rather effective." *

81. *Poise.* Weight; as in *Lear*, ii. 1. 122: "Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise;" *Oth.* iii. 3. 82: "full of poise and difficult weight," etc.

92. *Told.* Counted. Cf. 56 above.

I was false. "Seward remarks: 'I believe the reader will not easily be convinced that Arcite had been false.' In fact, the dramatists have forgotten to insert any instances of his falseness. The epithet 'false Arcite' is in the *Knightes Tale*, 287; but even Chaucer has not made it very clear that Arcite really was so; unless, indeed, we refer to his poem entitled *Of queen Annelida and false Arcite*" (Sk.).

98. *Honour.* That is, Arcite's obsequies.

101. *Your thanks.* The old eds. have "Our thanks;" corrected by D.

104. *Arrose.* Sprinkle (Fr. *arroser*). The old eds. have "arowze;" and Cotgrave spells the Fr. verb "arrouser."

108. *Grace.* Honour; as in 125 below. Cf. *to do grace* (1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 79, *J. C.* iii. 2. 62), *in grace of* (*M. N. D.* iv. 1. 139, *Ham.* i. 2. 124), etc.

109. *Bear this hence.* This direction to remove the body was probably inserted to suit the requirements of the old stage. See *Ham.* p. 242.

118. *Fancy.* Love. Cf. iv. 2. 52 above.

123. *Lovers.* Friends. See on v. 1. 34 above.

126. *In whose end.* At the end of which *funeral.*

131. *Charmers.* "That is, enchanters, ruling us at their will" (Seward).

135. *And with you*, etc. "Cease to dispute with you who are beyond the reach of our expostulations" (Sk.).

137. *Like the time.* Sk. explains this, "as others do, by hiding our griefs;" but it is clearly =as this sad time demands, referring to the preparations for Arcite's funeral. Cf. *K. John*, v. 7. 110: "O, let us pay the time but needful woe." For the form of expression here, cf. *Mach.* i. 5. 62: "Look like the time."

Spalding says of this scene: "The manner is Shakespeare's, and some parts are little inferior to his very finest passages." Hickson makes no comment upon it. Swinburne believes that Shakespeare's work has been interpolated and filled out by Fletcher. He says: "The scene is opened by Shakespeare in his most majestic vein of meditative or moral verse, pointed and coloured as usual with him alone by direct and absolute aptitude to the immediate sentiment and situation of the speaker and of no man else: then either Fletcher strikes in for a moment with a touch of somewhat more Shakespearean tone than usual, or possibly we have a survival of some lines' length, not unretouched by Fletcher, from Shakespeare's first sketch for a conclusion of the somewhat calamitous and cumbrous underplot, which in any case was ultimately left for

* Since this note was in type, it has occurred to us that the words *on end he stands* were perhaps interlined in the "copy" as a substitute for *on his hind hoofs* (the latter being accidentally left without crossing out), and that we should read:

"He kept him 'tween his legs, on end he stands,
That Arcite's legs," etc.

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Fletcher to expand into such a shape and bring by such means to an end as we may safely swear that Shakespeare would never have admitted; then with the entrance and ensuing narrative of Pirithous we have none but Shakespeare before us again, though it be Shakespeare undoubtedly in the rough, and not as he might have chosen to present himself after due revision, with rejection (we may well suppose) of this point and re-adjustment of that; then upon the arrival of the dying Arcite with his escort there follows a grievous little gap, a flaw but pitifully patched by Fletcher, whom we recognize at wellnigh his worst and weakest in Palamon's appeal to his kinsman for a last word, 'if his heart, *his worthy, manly heart*' (an exact and typical example of Fletcher's tragically prosaic and prosaically tragic dash of incurable commonplace), 'be yet unbroken,' and in the flaccid and futile answer which fails so signally to supply the place of the most famous and pathetic passage in all the masterpiece of Chaucer; a passage to which even Shakespeare could have added but some depth and grandeur of his own giving, since neither he nor Dante's very self nor any other among the divinest of men could have done more or better than match it for tender and true simplicity of words more 'dearly sweet and bitter' than the bitterest or sweetest of men's tears. Then after the duly and properly conventional engagement on the parts of Palamon and Emilia respectively to devote the anniversary 'to tears' and 'to honour,' the deeper tone returns for one grand last time, grave at once and sudden and sweet as the full choral opening of an anthem: the note which none could ever catch of Shakespeare's very voice gives out the peculiar cadence that it alone can give in the modulated instinct of a solemn change or shifting of the metrical emphasis or *ictus* from one to the other of two repeated words—

'that nought could buy
Dear love but loss of dear love!'

That is a touch beyond the ear or the hand of Fletcher: a chord sounded from Apollo's own harp after a somewhat hoarse and reedy wheeze from the scrannel-pipe of a lesser player than Pan. Last of all, in words worthy to be the latest left of Shakespeare's, his great and gentle Theseus winds up the heavenly harmonies of his last beloved grand poem."

EPILOGUE.

2. *Say.* "Here *say* apparently means *speak;* and the simile seems to consist in a comparison with schoolboys who are afraid to say their lesson" (Sk.).

3. *Cruel fearful.* The *cruel* is a mere intensive. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 216: "I love thee cruelly."

12. *The tale.* Evidently, as L. notes, a reference to the source of the play. *We* refers of course to the actors.

17. *Loves.* Plural because referring to more than one person. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights.*

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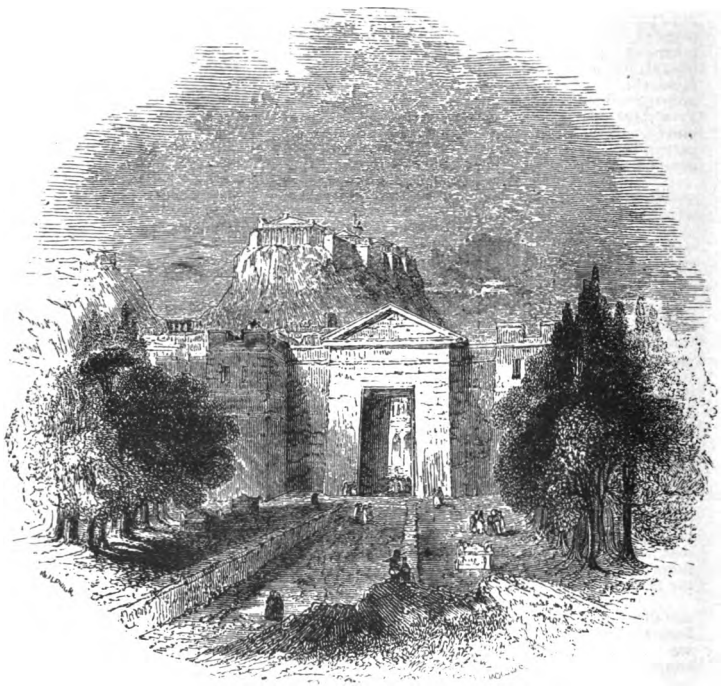

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